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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1840. NO. 1021.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 17.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

We extract the following passages from the pamphlet, with this title, noticed in our last paper.

It might have been happy for us, if the proposal for a change [in philosophy] had come *ab intra*, if one of our own productive minds had been led to forsake the beaten track, and point out a higher path. But such has not been the case. It has so happened, that no great native philosophical leader has as yet arisen to draw away one scholar from the common routine. This has been very unfortunate. If we are to make experiment of a new system, we would fain have it fully and fairly before our eyes; which can never be the case so long as we receive our *philosophemata* by a double transportation, from Germany *via* France, in parcels to suit the importers; as fast as the French forwarding philosopher gets it from Germany, and as fast as the American consignee can get it from France. There is a great inconvenience in the reception of philosophical theories by instalments; and, if our cisatlantic metaphysicians import the German article, we are sometimes forced to wait until they have learned the language well enough to hold a decent colloquy in it. Such, however, is precisely the disadvantage under which the young philosophers of America now labor. We hear much of German philosophy, and of the revelations which have been made to its adepts; much very adroit use of certain disparaging terms, easily learned by heart, and applied to the old system, as 'flat,' 'unspiritual,' 'empirical,' and 'sensuous;' we hear much of the progress made in ontological and psychological discovery, in the foreign universities. But, if we hear truth, the hierophants of the new system among us are not so much more intimate with the source of this great light than some of their silent readers, as to give them any exclusive right to speak *ex cathedra* about transcendental points. Some of them are busily learning French, in order to read in that language any *rifacimento* of Teutonic metaphysics which may come into their hands. Some are learning German; others have actually learned it. He who cannot do either, strives to gather into one the Sibylline oracles and abortive scraps of the gifted but indolent Coleridge, and his gaping imitators; or, in default of all this, sits at the urn of dilute wisdom, and sips the thrice-drawn infusion of English from French and French from German.

It might have been happy for us, we say, if the reformation in our philosophy had some root of its own in our own soil. But what is this vaunted German philosophy, of which our young men have learned the jargon? We shall endeavor to give an intelligible answer to so reasonable an inquiry. In attempting to offer a few satisfactory paragraphs on this, it is far from our purpose to profess to be adepts. We have seen a little, heard a little, and read a little, respecting it. We have even during the last fifteen years turned over one or two volumes of German metaphysics, and understood perhaps almost as much as some who have become masters; yet we disclaim a full comprehension of the several systems. The Anglo-Saxon *Dummheit*, with which Germans charge the English, reigns we fear in us, after an inveterate sort. We have tried the experiment, and proced ourselves unable to see in a fog. Our night-glasses do not reach the transcendental. In a word we are born without the *Anschauungsvermogen;* and this defect, we are persuaded, will 'stick to our last sand.' We once said to a German friend, speaking of Schleiermacher, 'But we do not understand his book.' '*Understand* it!' cried the other with amazement, 'what then? but do not you *feel* it?' We deem ourselves competent, nevertheless, to give the plain reader some notices of the progress of Transcendental Philosophy.

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Such is the philosophy, which up to this very hour is taught in several of the German universities, by Protestant teachers of religion, and to which, more alarming still, a goodly number among our neophytes in metaphysics are endeavoring to attain. But M. Cousin somewhat sneers at our apprehension of the 'bugbear' Pantheism, and we may yet be called upon by American clergymen to abandon all belief in a personal God, or any Deity but the universe. It is very true, as we shall see, that M. Cousin does not avow himself to be a disciple of Schelling. It is further true, that he diverges from him in important particulars, and earnestly, though, as we think, vainly endeavors to wrest his own system into a conformity with revelation; yet his whole scheme is a conduit from the stream of German transcendentalism at the most corrupt part of its current; and his works abound with expressions which savor too strongly of doctrines more *pronounces* than those which he has avowed. * *

We have sometimes been strongly tempted to suspect, that many of the enthusiastic admirers of Coleridge's prose works are entirely unaware of the extremes to which their master's principles of philosophizing would legitimately lead them. None can be more open than ourselves to impressions from the great genius and inimitable diction of this philosopher and poet; we have felt its fascinations, and in hanging over his pages, and especially his noble denunciations of the utilitarian Ethics, we have almost forgotten how indeterminate and fruitless are most of his reasonings, and how rotten the foundation of his scheme. After our declaration, that the system of Schelling is a system of Pantheism, or that sort of Atheism which denies the personality of God, many will be startled when we assure them, that Coleridge maintained the great principles of this very school. We disclaim, indeed, the intention of representing this learned man as having coincided with the German pantheist in all the remote consequences of his theory, however legitimate. But that the system of Coleridge and the system of Schelling are the same in their leading principles, will be denied by no one who is familiar with both. Nay, we have Coleridge himself making the most ample avowal of this coincidence, for the purpose, as it should seem, of escaping the charge of plagiarism from the German philosopher. Let us hear himself; 'In Schelling's 'Natur-Philosophie,' and the 'System des Transcendentalen Idealismus,' I first found a genial coincidence with much that I had toiled out for myself, and a powerful assistance in what I had yet to do.' And then, as if to account for the somewhat singular fact, that the dissertation in the Biographia Literaria, on the reciprocal relations of the *esse* and the *cogitare*, is a literal translation from the Introduction to a work of Schelling, he proceeds to say: 'We had studied in the same school; been disciplined by the same preparatory philosophy, namely, that of Kant; we had both equal obligations to the polar logic and dynamic philosophy of Giordano Bruno,' &c. &c. And again: 'To me it will be happiness and honor enough, should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes.' After reading these avowals, and after having learned the ravages of this very philosophy among the present generation of clergymen in Germany, we are heartily thankful that Coleridge never summoned sufficient energy to give us any thing more than fragments; while we are filled with amazement at the sight of Christian ministers among ourselves, men of education and piety, either subscribing to statements which they do not comprehend, or giving the weight of their authority to the conclusions which, by the best theologians even of Germany, are denounced as incompatible with the fundamentals, we say not of Christianity, but of natural religion. Let our young metaphysicians learn from Coleridge and Cousin to tolerate and admire Schelling, and they will soon learn from Schelling himself, that God is every thing. * * * *

The German philosophy was first made known to the French by the *Allemagne* of Madame de Stael. It attracted some attention as an extravaganza of the German mind, but it made few proselytes until it was taken up by M. Cousin. It was in the year 1816, that he first commenced the importation of the German metaphysics. He had been at that time recently appointed Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Literature at Paris. He continued to lecture until 1820, when he incurred the disapprobation of the French government, and his lectures were suspended. In 1827 he was restored to the exercise of his functions as a Professor of the Faculty of Literature, and continued to lecture until 1832, when he was made a Peer of France. * *

With this for his point of departure, it is not surprising that M. Cousin should be led to reject entirely the God of the Scriptures, and substitute in his stead a shadowy abstraction. In place of the mysterious and incomprehensible Jehovah, whose infinite perfections will be the study and delight of an eternity, we have a God whose nature and essence we can now, while seeing through a glass darkly, thoroughly comprehend, and to whom faith is not permitted to attribute any thing of excellence or glory beyond what the human intellect can clearly discern. In place of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God to whom his people, in all ages, have fled for refuge, crying, Do *Thou* deliver me and save me, we are presented with a vague personification of abstract principles, with a God who is described as the reason; thought, with its fundamental momenta; space, time, and number; the substance of the *me*, or the free personality, and of the fatal *not me*, or nature; who returns to himself in the consciousness of man; of whose divine essence all the momenta pass into the world, and return into the consciousness of man; who is every thing, and, it might with equal significancy be added, nothing. * * *

It will have been already anticipated from the exposition we have given, that M. Cousin's philosophy makes sad havoc with Christianity. He is, indeed, studiously polite to Christianity as well as to natural religion. 'He knows, that he is speaking in 1828, and not in 1850.' This knowledge, it is, doubtless, that draws from him his kind and forbearing indulgence towards Christianity,—his patience with its slowness of movement,—nay, his condescending patronage. 'Christianity is the philosophy of the people. He who now addresses you sprang from the people, and from Christianity; and I trust you will always recognize this, in my profound and tender respect for all that is of the people and of Christianity. Philosophy is patient; she knows what was the course of events in former generations, and she is full of confidence in the future; happy in seeing the great bulk of mankind in the arms of Christianity, she offers, with modest kindness, to assist her in ascending to a yet loftier elevation.' And again, he says, 'I believe that in Christianity all truths are contained; but these eternal truths may and ought to be approached, disengaged, and illustrated by philosophy. Truth has but one foundation; but truth assumes two forms, mystery, and scientific exposition; I revere the one, I am the organ and interpreter of the other. Infidelity has, in most cases, assumed this guise of philosophical explanation of the truths of Christianity. Hume proposed only to place faith upon its proper foundation; and even Voltaire and the French Encyclopedists professed to be rendering true service to Christianity, while they were seeking to sap its foundations and overwhelm it with utter ruin. But unless it be to blind the eyes, and evade the arm, of the ecclesiastical power, which in Catholic countries holds watch over the press, we see not what good purpose can be effected by so thin a disguise as that assumed by M. Cousin. He surely cannot imagine, that the most ordinary intelligence could fail to penetrate the flimsy hypocrisy. He comes down from the heights of philosophy, to meet Christianity in her helplessness, and aid her in ascending to a loftier elevation! Though tolerant of her past slowness, yet, knowing that she must move more rapidly to meet the wants of the future, he comes, with modest kindness, to disburden her of her mysteries, and quicken her steps! He presents himself as an interpreter, in scientific exposition, of a revelation from God, and the canon which he brings in his hand and openly exposes, is to admit nothing which this revelation contains as truth, unless, by falling back upon our own pure reason, we find it to be true in itself and in the form of ideas! In his solution of the mystery of the Incarnation, in which Reason is declared to be the Word made flesh, we have both proof and warning of the kind of assistance which Christianity may expect at his hands. All the sacred mysteries of revelation dwindle, in like manner, under his profane touch, into the stale truths of our own consciousness. Locke encounters the sneers of M. Cousin, because he had not discovered this mode of making Christianity easy. Speaking of the appeals made by Locke to Christianity, to revelation, and to faith, he says, 'By faith, however, and by revelation, he does not understand a philosophical faith and revelation. This interpretation did not exist in the age of Locke. He understands faith and revelation, in the proper orthodox, theological sense.' If we have a just idea of the temper of Locke, he would have scorned to avail himself of this slippery and deceptive interpretation. It is an ungracious task to be alarmists, and we should shun the office, if only some specialties of this or that sect were at stake, and not, as we believe, the very basis of all religion and morals. * * * *

We need not seek, in the remote deductions and results of M. Cousin's philosophy, for evidence of its irreconcilable hostility to Christianity. In its first principles it overthrows the foundation of divine relevation. The spontaneous reason, we are told by M. Cousin, is God, and the truths given by it are 'literally a revelation from God.' And since this reason is found in all men, 'humanity is inspired.' * * * *

At precisely this point the extremes of flat Rationalism, and the philosophy of the Absolute, come together. Their osculation is seen in Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' which has almost convulsed the religious world in Germany. Marheineke and Rohr, like Herod and Pilate, agree only when the Son of God is to be crucified. Would to God, that our fellow Christians in America, before abandoning as shallow the philosophy of the great English fathers, would take the trouble to examine the issues of the paths on which they are entering! Let us have any philosophy, however shallow, that leaves us in quiet possession of the Gospel, rather than the dark and hopeless bewilderment into which we are thrown by the deep metaphysics of M. Cousin. We say to him and to Dr Henry, in the language of Edmund Burke, 'If our religious tenets should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not call on infidelity to explain them. We shall not light up our temple from that unhallowed fire. It will be illuminated with other lights. It will be perfumed with other incense, than the infectious stuff, which is imported by the smugglers of adulterated metaphysics.' * * * *

Campbell has a chapter in his 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' intended to point out the cause of the fact, that nonsense so often escapes being detected, both by the writer and by the reader; but he did not live to see what we have seen. Grosser absurdities than those which may be selected from the German, and the mock-German metaphysics, we believe the world never beheld; and these not in scattered places, but for page after page, and chapter after chapter. The Germans of the Transcendental School complain, that we of the Anglo-Saxon race are dull, terrestrial, and shallow; their defect is equally unfortunate, for no one of them has the faculty for descrying an absurdity, as such. The grossest and most drivelling nonsense, which could be expressed in a jargon of words, would probably to a transcendentalist exhibit nothing ridiculous, and perhaps something august. Except the Philosophy of the Absolute, few things can be imagined more ludicrously and disgustingly absurd than the revelations of Bohme, or Jacob Behmen, as we more familiarly call him. Yet these ravings of the inspired shoemaker are regarded with 'affectionate reverence,' not only by Schelling but by Coleridge; and, more amazing still, have conduced, in no small degree, to the production of the modern philosophy, as has been proved and acknowledged. * * * *

So far as M. Cousin is concerned, we are ready to concede to him the possession of learning and genius. But his philosophy, as far as he has developed it, is to the last degree superficial and conceited. Making great pretensions to extraordinary profoundness, it does in truth but skim the surface of things, and then fly off into thin and unmeaning abstractions. The 'witch-jargon' which it employs, when you have taken infinite pains to penetrate it in a given case, is often found to contain only some old truth, swathed and bandaged in this hieroglyphic dress. And one known truth thus prepared, is then 'made use of, to pass off a thousand nothings with.' There is not, and, in consistency with the first principles of this philosophy, there cannot be, any attempt at ratiocination. It is a string of assumptions, and of assertions of the most unqualified and dogmatic kind. The reader cannot have failed to remark, in the extracts we have given, the peculiar kind of generalization in which M. Cousin habitually indulges. Because England is an island, therefore every thing in England stops short of its proper developement, and England can make no valuable contributions to science. Because, in religion, God is every thing and man is nothing, therefore no religious man can be a great man. Thus on all occasions he takes but a single step from the narrowest possible premises, from vague analogies, and sometimes from nothing more solid than verbal puns, to the most wide and peremptory conclusions. A hundred times in passing over his pages, we have been constrained to ask, Is this philosophy, or is it poetry? It can surely make no pretensions to the one, and it is but sorry stuff if meant for the other.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

When your minister calls to make you a friendly visit, receive him without ceremony. his time is precious, and he cannot well afford to wait for you to change your dress, perform your toilet, and put things to rights. He calls to see *you*, not your clothes. And do not weary him with your apologies. He would much prefer to hear you speak of your moral concernments. And if you invite him to sit at your table, give him precisely such food as your family would have if he had not visited you. And improve your time while he is with you, in conversation upon such subjects as tend to increase your knowledge and your happiness. Preachers are men, and they know that people have their affairs to see to; and if your minister is a man of common sense, and finds that you put yourself out, on his account, he will call no more, lest by so doing he should put you to some inconvenience. Be kind enough to see him just as you are, when he calls—he will like you the better for it.

[From the Southern Churchman.]

A FORM OF EXCOMMUNICATION IN THE ROMAN CHURCH.

I noticed, Mr Editor, in a number of the 'Christian Observer,' for the year 1811, the following copy of a papal excommunication, which was issued in 1758, and communicated to the Observer by the Rev. Matthew Price, of Hampreston, England, as many of your readers may never have met with so violent a specimen of papal rage, I have subjoined a copy for insertion in the Churchman if you think it worth observing. A SUBSCRIBER.

Amelia county, Feb. 25, 1840.

The Pope's Curse, Bell, Book, and candle on a heretic at Hampreston.

By the authority of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and Paul, and of the Holy Saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban commit, and deliver to the Devil of Hell, Henry Goldney, of Hampreston, Dorsetshire, as an infamous heretic that hath, in spite of God and St. Peter, whose Church this is, in spite of all holy saints, and in spite of our holy father, the Pope—(God's vicar here on earth) and of the Rev. and worshipful the Canons, masters, priests, clerks, and jesuits of our Holy Church, committed the heinous crimes of sacrilege with the images of our holy saints, and forsaken our most holy religion, and continues in heresy and blasphemy and most corrupt lust. Excommunicated be he finally, and delivered over to the devil, as a perpetual malefactor and schismatic. accursed be he, and given in soul and body to the devil, and to be buffeted. Cursed be he in all the holy cities and towns, in fields and ways, in houses and out of houses, and in all places, standing or walking, lying or rising, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, or whatsoever he does, besides. We separate him from the threshold, from all good prayers of the Church, from the participation of holy mass; from all sacraments chapels and altars: from holy bread and holy water, from the merits of all our holy priests and religious men and from their cloister, from all their pardons, privileges, grants, and immunities, all the holy Fathers (Popes of Rome) have granted to them: and we give him over utterly to the power of the devil; and we pray to our Lady and St. Peter and Paul, and all the holy Saints, that all the senses of his body may fail him, and that he may have no feeling; except he come openly to our beloved Priest at Stapehill,* in time of mass, within thirty days after the their pronouncing hereof by our beloved Priest there—and confess his heinous, heretical and blasphemous crimes, and by true repentance make satisfaction to our Lady St. Peter, and the worshipful company of our holy Church of Rome—and suffer himself to be buffeted, scourged, and spit upon, as our said dear Priest, in his goodness, holiness and sanctity, shall direct and prescribe.

'Give under the seal of our Holy Church, at Rome, the tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, and in the first of our pontificate.

C. R. (Church of Rome, I suppose.)

8th of October 1758, pronounced the first time.

15th of October 1758, pronounced second time.

22d of October 1758, pronounced third time.'

* At Stapehill there is still (I believe) a small chapel, and a female convent of the order of La Trappe.

PROVIDENCE.

The dispensations of Providence are various and sometimes afflictive and humbling; yet he must have lived with very little reflection who does not see some moral design in them all, although the full design is reserved for eternity to explain. Individuals are thrown down from wealth to poverty that they may learn the great lesson of humility; families are thinned that survivors may estimate aright their mutual value; nations are convulsed with revolutions that they may settle on the foundations of truth and freedom.

In the midst of commotions we tremble and complain. A thunder-storm alarms us, for we fear that the lightning may fall upon our own roof; but presently all is serene in the heavens, and we philosophize upon the salutary tendency of storms and tempests. Under a civil tyranny, a rebellion breaks out, and the timid and selfish predict universal ruin—without them and in spite of them, liberty is established, and their children and their children's children go up to the temple to praise God for putting the love of liberty into the hearts of some of those that went before them. In the reformation of the church, the philosophers of the day see nothing but the loosening of the bonds of religion and an inundation of moral and spiritual evil:—thus Erasmus, who was foremost to expose the corruptions of the Church of Rome, alarmed at the effect of his own works, predicted unheard of miseries from the defection of the people from the priesthood; but the Reformation, falling in with public opinion, went on; error after error, superstition upon superstition, imposture after imposture fell; and there is not now an enlightened Roman Catholic in Europe who does not look back with pious gratitude to the Reformation, as the means equally of purifying his own church, and of restoring religious liberty to the world. The Reformation was indeed the occasion of much religious persecution, a state in which there always prevail great crimes and great miseries; but this is only one side of the picture: by the sharp discipline of persecution have been formed some of those noble minds on whose constancy and moral heroism history delights to dwell, and to whom the Divine promise assigns the brightest crown of heavenly glory. Nor is this all; the school of persecution can alone, perhaps, teach communities the great lesson of the sacred rights of conscience. In the beginning, men seriously think that they ought to do many things contrary to peace and freedom, and that they render God service by making one another wretched. Tired at length of the interminable warfare, they allow each other time for reflection; by degrees, they see and feel and deplore the evils of strife and violence on account of opinions; in the calm, Philosophy puts forth her strong arguments, and the still small voice of Revealed Revelation is heard urging her powerful persuasions, until in the end the sinfulness of persecution is generally admitted, and the right of all men to freedom of conscience is placed amongst the axioms and elementary truths that no man in his senses dares to dispute.—*Aspland.*

[From Lieber's Political Ethics.]

THE PULPIT AND ITS CONNECTION WITH POLITICS.

Owing to the peculiar relation in which the clergyman stands to his flock, it is necessary that we should consider for a moment his position with reference to political ethics.

The sacred charge which a priest, clergyman or minister has of instructing and guiding the people is so necessary and constant a one, that from the earliest to the latest times of Christianity, there have been distinguished theologians who have maintained and urged that not only should the clergy nowise occupy themselves with politics, but that they should continue faithfully to discharge their sacred duties unconcerned about the government, even though a usurper swayed the supreme power. It is, so maintained those theologians, no matter of theirs. I am well aware that, in the earlier times of Christianity, this view was sometimes taken partly on the ground, or, at least, partly originated from the belief, that the clergy were too sacred to occupy themselves with the so-called merely worldly affair of the laymen. Such views were natural, when an ascetic spirit was likewise natural, and, considering the turmoil and warring confusion of the times, it was a view not without its salutary effects. * *

Our times have arrived at different convictions. We believe that governments exist according to the decrees of God, which ordained man to be a social being, and to have reason that he might maintain right; we believe that civil freedom is as sacred and holy a cause as any on earth, and that every one ought cheerfully and conscientiously to contribute his aid in supporting it. A minister or priest, therefore, ought to give a good example in the performance of our civil duties. I think they ought to vote, whenever called upon, and if it does not interfere with their clerical duties, or if they have not otherwise specific reasons to abstain from it. But it seems that no one ought to guard himself more strictly against meddling directly or indirectly, with politics, taking part with one or the other side, than the clergy. There are many powerful reasons, which, perhaps, may be comprehended under the following heads.

A minister will necessarily lessen his influence and the good he may do as the messenger and fosterer of peace and love, in the same degree as he sides strongly for or against a measure or party. All are Christians, and to all he shall be a friend, an unsuspected and unprejudiced friend.

The more ministers meddle with politics, the more, in the natural course of things, is religion carried over to politics, and the more we are, consequently, exposed to fanaticism and persecution, open, violent, or secret and indirect. We cannot be too careful of leaving these two elements separate. Shall history have recorded so innumerable and melancholy accounts in vain? so many proofs that religion, instead of being the balm of life, becomes, if once brought into contact with party strife, the fiercest of all excitements? * *

It is not only against the most essential interest of the minister, and the cause for which, if pure, he lives, if the pulpit is turned into a rostrum of political strife, it is also unfair in the highest degree. The minister has not been appointed, nor is he supported for that purpose. As a gentleman, alone, he ought never to make use of that place where no one can answer him, to debate politics. Is he not, among gentlemen, considered peculiarly exempt from insults because he is known to be unable to answer them like other men? On a similar principle he ought to abstain from political discussions or allusions in the pulpit. * *

I do not recommend political indifferentism. On the contrary I believe that, generally speaking, the clergy, in our times, urge far too little the importance and sacredness of all civil duties and political virtues upon the people. Let them cultivate and expound the holiness of obedience to the laws of the land, of love of liberty, of the fruitfulness of public spirit for the community as well as him who possesses it, of the inspiration of patriotism, of the instructive, invigorating and tempering effect of the study of our own history, and if they make these virtues gush forth from the heart like pure and native streams, to nourish and irrigate a thousand different plants, the ministers will not be idle as citizens, but will form, even in a political point of view, a most invaluable class of citizens. But so soon as they turn the Bible to support or attack one measure or the other, they cannot but diffuse mischief.

[From Lieber's Political Ethics.]

WOMAN—HER CHARACTER AND SPHERE OF DUTY.

In the whole scale of our terrestrial creation we find that, the higher life rises in its functions, and the nobler therefore the organism is of which it is the result, the more distinct and prominent becomes the difference of sexes. Vegetable as well as animal life exhibits this important phenomenon. In the very lowest animals no difference of sexes exists; with the higher station of the animal in the long chain of organic bodies, the marked distinction of the sexes increases, until we find it in man, the concluding link, more prominent and thorough than in all other animals. It is a divine order of things, and has been early acknowledged as such by the various nations, as the ancient religions and systems of philosophy show. * *

The woman is more timid, more affectionate, keener in feeling, hence sprightlier in those thoughts which originate from acute sensitiveness; she is less ardent in far-reaching plans, more uninterruptedly busy in a sphere of quiet activity, more graceful in soul and body, more attractive, more patient and cunning in obtaining her objects, more confiding and believing. Man is stronger, bolder, more energetic and active, and of consequence more exhausted by his efforts, thus standing in greater need of deep repose; he is more judging and inquiring, hence more just if his passion is not roused; less patient and enduring; less willing calmly to submit; more ardent and much stronger in the combinatory and comprehending powers; his mind has greater grasp; he is more independent, freer in action and thought, boldly braving the opinion of others. These mental differences are no less important for the constitution of the family, (as it rises in character with the progress of civilization,) than the physical difference which the creator has ordained as the necessary condition of procreation for nearly all organic life, and upon which those differences of disposition and faculties are founded. * *

From this different organization, arise different relations, as has been observed already. The woman is fitter for all those actions, which must be impelled chiefly by affection, hence she is more fit to foster and educate the young, and so nurture in turn their hearts with affection; she is more disposed to cling to a protector, and far readier to bring sacrifices; she graces society, and—sentiment being one of the spheres in which she is most active, and chastity her first virtue and honor—she is the chief agent in infusing delicacy, gentleness, taste, decorum and correctness of morals, so far as they depend upon continency, into society at large. These in turn promote disinterestedness, since they attract the male sex, and inspire the sterner bosom of man with those feelings of romance and delicate reverence, which form, however extravagant they may at times appear, not only a salutary but a necessary element of high civilization. * * *

The true sphere of woman's best and noblest activity, and a sacred one it is, assigned to her in the different distribution of the degree of affection and intellect, ardor and reliance, is the family, where she acts as wife, mother, daughter and sister, and through it that society which we have called the society of comity, where she graces, humanizes and reconciles, and, through both, the country. In what way her activity is connected with the country and mediately with the state, is the subject which will now occupy us.

The nature and consequent duties of woman exclude her from public life; her timidity, bashfulness, and delicacy, and inferior grasp of mind as well as the necessity of acting out those sacred duties more especially assigned to her, require her being more retired than the other sex. A woman loses in the same degree her natural character, as woman, as she enters into publicity. There are, of course, women, whose extraordinary mental organization is such that they make exceptions; but wherever this fundamental principle is abandoned as a general rule, evil ensues as in every other case of deviation from the laws of nature. The woman cannot defend the state; if she were physically able to do it, she would necessarily lose her peculiar character as woman, and thus a necessary element of civilization would be extinguished. Here, too, emergencies may make exceptions—exceptions of the noblest and proudest kind; but should they cease to form exceptions, a subversion of the whole moral order of things would be the consequence. She does not preach, she does not judge in court, nor debate in the legislative halls, nor take a direct part in politics; if she does so it is always to the injury of society, be it by way of court intrigue, as was the case in so eminent a degree in France before the first revolution, or by way of popular excitements, as was frequently the case in Scotland, during its most agitated periods in the seventeenth century, or in a hideous degree during the French revolution.

We have seen that the family in its unity and purity is necessary, and that to produce and maintain these, the retiredness of woman is equally necessary. A natural consequence, of this circumstance, in addition to the fact that her affections and feelings are stronger than those of man, if not blunted by corruption or absurdity, is that she is naturally less apt to judge of public business, and to allow the principle of right, of justice alone full weight. Her situation in the family gives her less opportunity to cultivate this feeling of mere justice than she otherwise might do. Women, therefore, are carried away by that which naturally operates most actively in them, by sentiment, even in spheres where it is of the utmost importance to repress it as much as human frailty will permit. Hence the fact, that if women once enter into politics, and especially take part in party strifes, they show themselves less scrupulous than men, are apt to be entirely carried away by personalities, and to trespass much farther upon the limits of fairness, justice, and truth, than men.

There are other reasons, however, why women should be strictly excluded from active politics. The woman, weaker by nature, hence gentler, and more dependent, is naturally given

more to intrigue, if she once transgresses the line of her proper sphere. Boldness, strength, and public action being denied her, originally or as natural consequence of her position, she will the sooner resort to intrigue, and as she acts by nature, more by attraction and charm, she becomes necessarily the more dangerous. No true civilization is possible where there does not largely exist that chivalric feeling in man which gladly yields, wherever possible, to the weaker and more delicate, gentler and more graceful sex. This feeling however, operates in politics, where Right should rule alone, very dangerously. If woman were to be admitted to an active participation in politics, she must do it at the price of her whole peculiar nature, her grace and her attraction, and would, henceforth, be distinguished from man, by her greater weakness alone, and, of consequence, become greatly oppressed. If woman claims to be admitted as a member of the jury, she must allow herself to be sworn in as constable. The woman who should go to the poll, must have disrobed herself of her essential nature as woman, and either be treated as men are, which would lower her character and position in society, or she must be treated with deference, which would be disastrous to the fundamentals of the state.

For the Register and Observer.

PARABLES FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

Salome.

Salome the mother of John stood one evening beside Lake Genesareth in silent meditation. The sun had sunk, and the purple of the evening sky glowed in the firmament of heaven, and a tint of blue rested on the mountain tops. But Salome gazed down before her upon the plain of the sea.

And Zibdai the father came out, and saw Salome his wife, and said; 'Why standest thou so lonely and thoughtful, Salome, and why do tears fill thine eyes?'

Salome answered; 'I am looking at the reflection of the evening sky in the still water!'

'Why dost thou not rather look up to the beaming heavens?' asked Zibdai.

Then Salome answered and said; 'so I have until now been gazing upon the glorious light of heaven. But now the gentle waving of the clear lake appears to me more beautiful. See! how tranquil it flows away, and knows not that the brightness and splendor of heaven are mirrored in it. Then like a mother, I thought of our beloved son.

Is not our tender child John silent and humble as before, and yet the dear friend of the holy man of Nazareth?'

Death and Sleep.

In paternal embrace the angel of sleep and the death-angel journied through the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down on a hill not far from the dwellings of men. A melancholy silence brooded around; even the evening bell in the distant hamlet was hushed.

In deep silence, as is their wont, sat the two benefactors of mankind, in confidential embrace, and night fast came on.

When the angel of slumber arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with gentle hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening winds bore them to the silent dwelling of the tired peasant. Now sweet sleep came upon them who lived in the rural cottages, from the old man who walks with a staff to the suckling in the cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his woes, poverty its cares. All eyes were shut.

After his work was done, the kind angel of sleep again laid himself down by his serious brother. When the morning dawn awoke, he cried with joyous innocence, 'Now are men praising me as their friend and benefactor! Oh what joy to confer favors in secret and unseen! How happy are we invisible servants of the good Spirit! How delightful our still vocation!'

Thus spoke the kind angel of sleep.

The death-angel looked on him with silent sorrow, and a tear, such as celestial beings weep, glistened in his large dark eye. 'Alas,' said he, 'that I cannot, like thee, enjoy such gratitude. Men call me their foe, the destroyer of their joys!'

'Oh my brother,' returned the angel of sleep, 'will not the good man at his awaking recognize in thee his friend and benefactor, and thank thee and bless thee? Are we not brothers, and servants of one Father?' J.

For the Register and Observer.

CEMETERIES.

We have three descriptions of cemeteries, the more common, isolated burial place; the churchyard, where those lie, who were perhaps on the other side of the enclosing church-wall,

'tutored for eternity,'

and with whom, in that second birth-place, the reflective life began; the third depository of the dead attached to the first birth-place, is of all the most touching and natural. What a solemn charm is imparted to the landscape, by the hundred domestic cemeteries, of one of the southern villages of Essex, each, reminding us of the cave of Machpelah! As they come into view, the voice softens, the foot falls noiselessly, the selfish purpose dies away, the angry emotion expires, the fetters of vanity are dissolved. How often the casual view of these depositories exalts into clearer vision the sense of the spiritual life, already awakened by the near scenes of nature! for in this spot especially,

'is nature's vesture wrought
To instruct the wandering thought.'

Here aspires the still and tranquil brow of a green hill, there a life-like stream, its fount hard by, flows unpausing, day-lit or darkling to its goal, the great tide; and around, gleams many a fair, watery expanse, apt in its repose to reflect the ether with its celestial lights. Thus neighbored, the frequent monument with scarce perceived change, inspires the thoughtful breather with heavenward aspirations.

With ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,'
'hope
In mercy carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts.'

Here we see at a glance on the same domain the mossy centennial monument of the ancestor and the cradle of the new born descendent. humanity becomes of more visible importance to us, as we sum up at a glance the aggregate family, part in this life, part in the next, the living dwellers at the fireside, and the mortal integuments of the former circle, yet stationary in the adjacent field, reposing by the familiar threshold, not borne to the distant, unendeared general repository of the dead. The house that sheltered its master in life, seems to keep watch over his grave. We ask of its mute walls, his epitaph, for they knew him familiarly. What a moral power must these ever present sacred cells possess! Here lie before the eye of the child, the two, whose unconditional love illustrates to the filial heart a mightier love, those, of whom we think, when we read those most tender words of holy writ, where the 'great love wherewith God loved us, while we were yet sinners,' is commemorated by the Divine Paul, those who loved us not for our merit, but because it was we ourselves. Is not the durable activity of the human, parental relation meant to complete the image, which things below, when unperverted, present of things above? This life-long tie, this ever tenderly interlacing weft is the education, naturally assured to every human creature, for that state, whose element is love; not left to the chance of his attaining to those forms of the heavenly sentiment, friendship or philanthropy; and the last external act of this training is that delicate homage, nature impels us to pay to the unconscious remains.

By these domestic, sacred spots, children grow up to regard with familiar veneration the ancestral grave; here the family biography, with its valuable burden of experience is kept fresh; this is the place to show the inquisitive kindred youth the bright end of the 'narrow way' of one or another who

'bowed the will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,'

and made this life the beginning of the next. Here may a heart growing insensible, thrill anew at the recital of, it may be, the full, the penitential tears, the recovered brightness, of one who had before tasted the bitterness, as well as knew the charm of temptation. Thus may the eye teach the will to choose wisely, or if the wise choice be already made, confirm it, and this variously affecting appendage to the early home undo the first subtle spell of the powers of evil—sloth, stimulate to more strenuous efforts of duty, to more uniform love, to meeker patience, to Diviner piety.

Our great American poet complains that the custom of introducing 'the forms and hues of vegetable beauty' into burial places did not emigrate with the pilgrims. They needed not certainly, the appropriate tree, shrub, or twining plant. Our juniper rivals in its sober tint, the yew, deemed in England the meet shade of the burial-place. Both are perhaps too sombre for the just effect of such a spot; this is certainly too much the aspect of the despondent, drooping, deciduous willow. Rather would we see the place where lies the dust of our friends, marked by the murmuring pine, the spiry black spruce, the graceful, pendulous hemlock, the silver fir, all evergreens, for the scene courts their unchanging foliage, shadowy in joyous summer, green in bare winter; such vegetable aspects become the spot, where haunt

'Fear and trembling Hope—
Silence and Foresight—Death—
And Time the Shadow.'

For that beautiful wreath, the evergreen ivy of England, we might substitute the scarcely less beseeming clematis and purple glycine.

Some sparing graces time imparts to the ancient burial place; slowly are embellished the worn tablet, and low wall with those early growths, which send back the imagination to the primitive days. Variegated lichens, the ashen, the pale green, the orange, soften the stony angle, with their indented curves. We would improve upon his enamelling touch, though we would not change the common monument, for the most modest is the most beautiful; we would surround it with shade. Could the holly, found in Massachusetts be made to grow in every part of the state, where the dead lie, we should more honor the cultivator who naturalized it for so endeared a use, than the introducer of the exotic camellia.

The church and the seemly cemetery are eminently *human*. In a society of sceptics, whose apprehension of the human is so desolately meagre, the one would no more originate than the other. They are both the most striking outward expression of the natural aspiration to the Divine. It is for the training of the immortal being, the church is erected; reverence for immortal beings rears the monument to the dead. ESSEX.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 25, 1840.

Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, by John Gorham Palfrey, D. D. L. L. D. vol. 2. Genesis and Prophets. Boston, 1840.

These lectures, which are now in process of publication, will unquestionably form, when completed, an important contribution to the theological literature of our country. We have read the volume before us with more interest than we did the first, as the author developes in it more fully his views and theory of interpretation with regard to the Old Testament. We have looked over each lecture, but we have not had time to study the volume with the thoroughness, that would make us competent to pronounce a decided opinion on its merits, or to discuss the important topics of which it treats, and if we had, the columns of a newspaper perhaps would not be the proper field for their discussion. Our purpose is simply to offer a few remarks, that shall present the writer and his lectures before our readers, in what seems to us a proper point of view. We presume that the learned author of this work, familiar as he is with the state of religious opinion among us, does not expect that the views he has promulgated, will meet with general acceptance and approbation from his Brethren or from the community at large. He must be aware, that these views are in opposition both to the popular notions that prevail, and also to the opinions that are held by the majority probably, of the clergy of that denomination of which he is a distinguished ornament. He anticipates therefore, we presume, that his work will be subjected to the ordeal of a severe and stern criticism; but from a severe and stern criticism, if it be made in a just, fair, manly spirit, we are confident he would not shrink—for no man shrinks from it who seeks for truth and loves it better than he does his own opinions. He must be aware also, we presume, that the promulgation of these views, at this particular time and in the present state of religious opinion among us, places him in a rather delicate and apparently inconsistent position. In relation to the New Testament and Christianity Dr. Palfrey is understood to be, if we may use a political term, *Conservative*. He is opposed to all those views which are commonly termed mystical and transcendental. He thinks little of 'intuition' and 'spontaneity' and the new philosophy-Christianity, which professes to be in advance of all old-world notions, which has kept us for the last two or three years on the borders of some great disclosures, has beguiled us with the promise of some important religious discoveries, but which, after all, does not seem to have made much progress, or to have put forth any very distinct and tangible propositions to be either received or rejected, established or overthrown. In his lectures on the evidences of Christianity lately delivered at the Lowell Institute, nothing could be more explicit than the declarations he made to this effect.—He is unequivocally an advocate for historical Christianity, as the basis and foundation of real, practical Christianity; he firmly believes in, zealously contends for, the authenticity and genuineness of the New Testament records, and for the certainty and credibility of the Christian miracles, in short, for a *supernatural* revelation communicated to the world by Jesus Christ. This is his position with regard to the New Testament. It is the strong orthodox position, maintained by the church in all ages. But in relation to the Old Testament, his position, to say the least, is somewhat different. Here he will be generally regarded, to borrow political terms again, not as conservative, but as radical. He is in the way which some call heresy. His theory, if we have understood his volumes, is briefly this; that all that there is of direct supernatural revelation in the Old Testament is contained in the writings of Moses. These writings contain the revelation, the other writings, the history of its application, progress, developement, in the progress, developement and vicissitudes of the nation. Of the Pentateuch he regards only the four last books as containing history, resting on the authority of Moses. Genesis he regards as a sort of introduction to the other books of the Pentateuch and written by Moses, but written only as a record or collection of *traditions*, for whose truth and correctness he did not intend to vouch. The prophets he does not regard as having any direct, special, supernatural communications from heaven, which authorized them to utter predictions respecting Christ. They were the historians, teachers, moralists of the nation. He regards them generally as 'wise, brave, and patriotic men, who, animated by the spirit of the law and its author, were reprovers of the princes and monitors of the people; without pretending to direct supernatural aid, they were in their respective times preachers of righteousness, as the miraculously revealed law of Moses had acquainted them with its principles. They rebuked, threatened approved, encouraged, warned, consoled, according as different exigencies of the state or different habits or sentiments gaining ground among the people called for their interposition;' and the predictions which they uttered of a great prince to arise from the midst of the Jewish nation, were founded on the prophecy of Moses, and the belief that God would not wholly and finally cast off his people, but were not uttered with authority from a supernatural acquaintance with the nature of his office and the events of his ministry, but were simply the expression of views and expectations concerning him then current in the nation and continuing so down to our Savior's own times. In short, he 'acknowledges two supernatural dispensations, the one introduced by Moses, and all that is supernatural in it ending with him, the other by Jesus, and those whom he immediately commissioned and taught.' He would make a discrimination between the Pentateuch and the later books, similar to that which the Reformers made between the writings of Apostles and Evangelists in the New Testament, and the works of the Fathers of the Church. The origin of the error, which has so long confounded the later books, in point of authority with those of the law, is to be referred in his opinion 'to the time, when being forbidden during the persecutions of the second century before our era, to read the law in the synagogues, the Jews substituted the prophetical writings in the public services of the sabbath.'

These, as we gather them, are Dr Palfrey's views of the Old Testament, and the principles upon which he would interpret it. We have not presented the arguments by which he endeavors to sustain these views. Indeed these arguments and the application of these principles of interpretation remain to be yet fully unfolded in the last volumes. It is evident however, from the abstract given above, that Dr Palfrey's Theory is in some respects peculiar to himself, and in general widely different from, in strong opposition to the cherished convictions of the majority of the Christian world, clergy and laity. We confess that the views and arguments he presents are not satisfactory to ourselves, nor do we see reasons from his book to change the opinions, in which we were educated and which have been confirmed by such investigation, as we have been able to make. We cannot however regard the question as to the supernatural inspiration of the prophets, in its bearings upon Christianity, as of any absolute and paramount importance. Though the argument from prophecy has always been one of the elements entering into and sustaining our Christian faith, it has never been to us an essential and necessary element. Though we should be sorry to have it swept away, and do not believe it will or can be, we could yet do without it. Though we regard Christianity as connected with Judaism as its fore-runner, we think that it is as independent of it as it is superior to it. It stands complete in the elements of its own existence, in its own evidences of divine origin. The divinity of the mission of Christ is in no way dependent upon the express divine commission of the prophets, nor does the authenticity and genuineness of the Gospels and Epistles, rely in the least, upon the authenticity of the Pentateuch or the prophets. 'The wand of scepticism may strike from the cloud of antiquity the lightning that shall blast and burn' the latter, the former would not be materially affected by it. The Gospel of Christ, in the words which he spake, in the miracles which he wrought, in the character he exhibited, would yet stand upon a rock. Though its evidences may be strengthened, they can not be undermined or destroyed by any views which may be entertained, any results which may be arrived at, respecting the Old Testament. We are not so much concerned, therefore by Dr Palfrey's views and speculations, as we fear some others will be. Though we do not concur in, we are not disturbed by them. The volume before us bears the stamp of that thoroughness, that minute, careful, faithful study, which distinguish all the author's writings. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the results at which he arrives or the arguments by which they are supported, all we think must award to the volume the merit of being a perfectly clear, candid and fearless expression of those results. There is no mysticism, no disguise, no concealment, but a frank, open, unequivocal expression of opinion. Let it then be met and criticised, in the same spirit, and not by sneers, insinuations, and ridicule, not by faint praise and fainter condemnation. This question with regard to the prophetical writings and the Old Testament generally must be met. It is one which is to agitate ere long not only the minds of scholars and Theologians but of the people. Let it be met then; let the volume before us, in the proper journals and by those who have leisure and ability to do it be criticised, in a manly and Christian spirit, but thorougly and faithfully, impartially, without fear or favor. If its views are sound and true, well sustained by reason and argument, let our denomination be the first widely to embrace and hold to them, notwithstanding their unpopularity. If they are unsound and unsustained, let us be the first, notwithstanding the position the author holds in the denomination, to renounce and condemn them. This is due to the author and to truth. We were gratified to learn as we do from the Preface, that Dr Palfrey has a 'series of notes upon the New Testament in an advanced stage of preparation,' and also were pleased to have him speak of Dr Noyes' version of the Poetical Books as 'incomparably the best translation of those books which exists in our language, and a work that for ability and learning ranks with the most meritorious, which, in any department, this country has produced.

The following extracts from letters addressed to the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, contain some interesting facts and intelligence, which we are sure will gratify our readers.

The first is from a letter dated Syracuse, N. Y.

'Believing you would like to know something of the prospects of the Unitarian Society in this place. I take the opportunity to say that from the time Mr Muzzey preached for us in July 1838 there has been a constant and steady progress. At that time, *only twenty months ago*, only two or three in our village were known as Unitarians, now we have a congregation of about three hundred, among which are many of our best and most intelligent citizens, and if our Chapel would hold them, I have no doubt but our congregation would increase one half. From the time we first moved for the purpose of procuring liberal preaching. I had confidence to believe that the enterprise would be successful, but my expectations have been more than realized. Our Pastor gives universal satisfaction. He has done much to remove the prejudice which existed against Unitarianism. And all persons of observation must perceive that he is doing more to elevate the standard of piety and religion, and to improve the condition of society here, than all the other clergymen put together. Our Association Auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association, held their Annual meeting last Friday evening. H. Putnam, Esq., was selected President; John Wilkinson, Stephen Abbot, and Thomas Spencer, Executive Committee;, Thomas A. Smith, Secretary; L. H. Redfield, Treasurer. We expect to send you for this year at least sixty subscribers. Great good has been done by the circulation of Tracts the past year, and we intend to increase our efforts.

Can any thing be done for the cause of liberal Christianity in Albany, Utica or Rochester. From what has been done here, I think there is encouragement to try the experiments in these places. And is there not reason to believe, that all the money expended by the Association, for the support of missionaries in those places will shortly be paid back by *Auxiliary Societies* with interest. I hope something will be done. We shall build a church if times get a little easier so that we can do it without embarrassment. Our present church is filled to overflowing, and something must be done this year.'

We are pleased to hear the Tracts of the Association spoken of in the following terms. A correspondent in New Jersey, to whom the volumes of the Tracts of the American Unitarian Association had been sent, thus writes in relation to them.

'Those twelve volumes, the Lord crowning the same, shall go forth like twelve evangelists, to preach the everlasting Gospel to others. As fast as I shall have read them over, I mean to lend them to others, thus sending them out to 'open men's eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of God, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith, that is *in (or by)* Christ Jesus.' I trust these silent preachers, will do, what I tried in vain to do! obtain friends, and contributors in this place, to aid in the wider extension of the Committee's most excellent publications, and thus become the means of extending the cause of rational, liberal Christianity. At a future day 'Deo volente,' I hope to be able to communicate to you the fruits of the "Good Seed" sown.'

The following letter from Walpole, N. H., gives a gratifying account of the condition and prospects of the Unitarian Society in that town.

'My Dear Sir,—I should before have sent you a word touching the condition of the Unitarian Society here. Its condition is good and full of promise. I came up, you may remember, on the first of December, with no intention, or thought of staying but four Sabbaths. The Society seemed then discouraged; talked of closing their church for the winter. Few in numbers, they were 'of a fearful heart.' Seeing what abundant materials there were here for a good society, I felt a great interest in their condition, and was induced to stay longer when the four Sabbaths expired. Our numbers increased from Sunday to Sunday, and in a few weeks, the Committee stated to me that if I would consent to remain as their Pastor, they felt authorized to promise, that a new church should forthwith be erected. This, next to a good Pastor, they especially need for their best success. But various considerations have led me to decline a settlement here. Still, I have remained from Sabbath to Sabbath through the last four months, doing what I could to build up the waste places, and to bring back those, who, latterly had not gone steadily up to our mount, but sometimes to Gerizim. The teachers of the Sabbath school have been rallied, and we have held meetings every fortnight. A very pleasant interest is manifested in the school, and a resolute and hopeful spirit is roused for the increase and success of the Society. I trust and pray that it has seen its dark days. We have weekly in our church, some from the Calvinistic ranks, as if inquiring 'what this new doctrine is.'

Brother Silsbee having signified a wish to return here from Savannah, has been invited to become Pastor of this Society; and by a letter just received, accepts gratefully the invitation. His ordination, it is expected, will be in July, or August. Thus the Society no longer fear their inability to raise money sufficient for the support of a settled minister.

I have gathered the subscribers to the Tracts again; and shall send this week, through Mr Tilden of Keene, a good list, for the numbers published since the subscriptions were dropped here. 'I wonder how we ever *came* to drop them,' said a good man to me, the other day. A dozen copies of the Register are taken. The Miscellany and various reviews come also.

Thus, Sir, you have the facts in the case, and must be gratified to hear that things go thus well.

Yours respectfully.'

We insert the following article on Transcendentalism for two reasons; first, because, 'Senex' is a frequent contributor to the Register and has often enriched its columns with valuable matter; and secondly, because, being only temporarily in the charge of the paper during the absence, for a few weeks, of the regular Editor, we feel it incumbent upon us to exercise sparingly, in relation to old contributors especially, the right of rejection. We feel it to be due to ourselves however to say, that we do not altogether approve of the style or spirit of the article. We have no objection to a little wit if it be good, or to a little badinage if it be sprightly, —though in general they are out of place in our columns. But, (the remark perhaps is only proof of our own dullness,) we do not see much wit in the piece, and certainly no argument, for none is attempted. We are disposed to think that it really is, what it purports to be, a '*dream*,' and that our friend 'Senex,' who has done some things excellently well when wide awake, must have been dozing a little when he wrote it. A full and fair criticism on the Pamphlet, whose publication has been procured by 'A. N.' setting forth its misrepresentations, if it make any, the weakness and fallacy of its reasoning and its conclusions, if there be weakness and fallacy in them, we should be very glad to receive and very willing to publish. It is a grave pamphlet, relating to matters of great moment to the interests of religious truth. If it deserve any, it deserves and demands a grave reply. It is not to be met and put down by ridicule, a weapon commonly regarded as the last resort of weakness.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

'It shall be my pride
'That I have dared to tread this holy ground.
Speaking no dream, but things oracular,
Matter not lightly to be heard by those,
Who to the letter of the outward promise,
Do read the invisible soul.'

I have been a dreamer of dreams for nearly fourscore years, Mr Reader, and now see visions like a young man. The first thing I can remember is a sleep; and the next, in point of age, is a dream. What is remarkable, my visions almost always prove true. I relate this to my friends, who usually laugh at my 'odd conceit, as *they* call it; but the event always fulfils the prediction. 'Coming events cast their *shadows* before;' or their splendors, as the case may be. I dreamed of the battle of Lexington (just sixty five years ago yesterday) thirteen days before it happened; of the Declaration of Independence; and the treaty of Peace, and various other matters all came just as I had dreamed them. I have even learned when the greatest event in modern history is to take place, and General Jackson is to die. These things I state, to show you that 'old men dream dreams' as the prophet foretold—another proof that we have fallen on good times. Now one of my most remarkable visions occurred after this wise.

I was sitting after dinner, in the great oaken arm-chair,—which was brought over from Devonshire by my ancestors in the time of the Long-Parliament, and in which three generations of them have dreamed their sermons after dinner, and I read that remarkable tract lately edited by 'A. N.' which relates to Transcendentalism. It was the first time I had ever seen the word in print, and I never yet have heard it pronounced except by myself, with the accent on the second syllable, Trans-*cend*-ent-al-ism. (Is that right?) and I wondered what it meant. I thought of *Trans*-sylvanian, and *Trans*ubstantiation, but found no light, though I consulted my Dictionary, which did not contain it; so I resolved to read the Pamphlet. Then to my great surprise I learned that Trans-scendentalism, was a very naughty thing. I was very much surprised, to hear there were such men as we find there; and such men even in America, and some of them near Cambridge it seemed. I never closed the book till I read the last word, 'Hegel.' Then while I was resolving to go to Cambridge, and consult with my old friends there, as to this great evil, about to fall on the churches I fell into a profound sleep, and was visited with a dream so remarkable that I will write it down for the edification of the churches.

I thought I stood on the extreme point of Cape Cod, and the ocean lay before me, rolling like a great giant in his sleep. The waves rolled in upon the beach, with that sweet sound so soothing to the ear of an old man. I looked out on the porpoises tumbling heavily along, in their uncooth gambols, and the distant sails moving swiftly or slowly, as the wind favored or opposed them. Far away in the East, while I looked, I saw a little misty speck, on the ocean, no bigger than a man's hand. It increased rapidly in size, and seemed to approach. Then it became a large cloud, extending for many miles in breath, and with a depth that I could not measure.

It came nearer and nearer, and seemed larger and larger. At last I observed it was divided into several clouds. There was a large division into two bodies, the Right and Left; each of which was again parted in two smaller bodies, the Centre and Extreme. On the cloud came, and when within a mile of the shore, for old men are far-sighted, I saw each of these divisions was composed of countless smaller parties, which, as they came still nearer I found were men, flying swiftly along, who made up this immense cloud. They spoke to one another, and seemed to laugh, and chatter, and I could now and then catch the word '*Begriff*,' which I took to be Hebrew, (*Be Geriff*, i. e. in *sweeping away*.) What it meant I could not devise. Presently the men all alighted on the shore and sat down, some on great Books, which they brought under their arms, some on nothing that I could see, others on kegs, wine-skins, and fifteen-gallon jugs,—still keeping their relative position, of Right and Left, Centre and Extreme. They kept chatting, and I could now and then catch the words, '*Menschhiet*,' '*Idee*,' '*Vorstellang*,' 'Gegensatz,' but knew not what they meant. One of them often repeated the Greek word 'To-Hori,' another said 'Kehabilitation' continually. Presently they all fell a smoking, with large tobacco pipes, but kept talking as fiercely as before. But they did not seem to agree, for the Centres, often made insulting gestures towards the Extremes, and which were very promptly returned.

While I wondered what these things should mean, one of them, the only one who saw me, stepped up, and relieved my wonder, by telling me in good English, 'These are the Transcendentalists.' I asked him to go on and tell me all about them, and inform me if he was one of them. He said he was not; but was a good Christian; a deacon, who kept a green and white grocery in Munchon, and had been sent by Mr Hengstenberg, as a spy upon their actions. He affected to be a Transcendentalist and repeated 'Begriff,' as often as the others, and passed for a very profound Philosopher. But he heard all he could, and should write it home to his master. He then told me the names of the men in that great army. I will mention only a few. Some had been taken from the tombs; some from Pulpits, or professorial chairs; some from Parlors, others from Beershops, and some from places still worse. Among these were Plato, and Proclus Plotinus, Ammonius with his old bag, Stilpo, Strato, Zeno, Camedes, Basilides, and Bardesanes; Pelagius, Borthius, Rabanus-Maurus, Erigena; the St. Victors, Dyonisius the Areopagite, Albertus Magnus, Thomas a Kempis; Ficinus and Picus; Cardanus, Agrippa and Roger Bacon. There was Melancthon and Jordano Bruno, Savonorola, Campanella, Dr Faustus, Scotus and Ramus; Behme, and Helmont, Grotius and Leclerc, Kepler and Spinoza, Bayle, Berkely, Samuel Clarke, and Cudworth and Parker and More; Leibnitz and Wolff, Kant, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Tiedeman, Krause, Hegel, de Wette, Fries, Eichhorn, Gesenius, Strauss, Weisse, Schiller, the Schlegels, Heine, Borne, Schafer, Goethe, Richter, Rosenkrantz, Ammon, Herbart and Vatke, Paulus and Rohr, and Ullmann, Lucke and Tholuck.

All these men and countless others were thrown together in the greatest confusion, without any regard to age, opinion or character. My deacon of Munchon, told me that Mr Hengstenberg had been making a great stir in Germany; had 'harried the land,' and rendered it too hot for these men, dead or alive, so that he had driven them clean across the ocean.

'Alas' said I, 'alas for the churches in New England. We be all dead men, for the Transcendentalists have come! They say there is no Christ; no God; no soul; only 'an absolute nothing,' and Hegel is the Holy Ghost. Our churches will be pulled down; there will be no Sabbath; our wives will wear the breeches, and the Transcendentalists will ride over us rough shod. How shall we be delivered, from these desperate fellows; this 'mixed multitude' of devils?' 'Fear not,' said he, 'they will work desolation only for a time. I have come to save the Faith of the Land, and Mr Hengstenberg will soon be here.'

Again I looked, and far away in the East, I saw a giant figure, like a man, approaching. It was Mr Hengstenberg himself, mounted on a monstrous broom, alike his weapon, and his chariot. He looked worn with toil, and eager haste, and devoured by self-consuming fires, Wonderful to tell, he grew smaller, and smaller as he came near us, till at last he was an homunculus, 'no bigger than a tobacco-seed;' still he made a great cry. But soon he recovered his original size, and seemed a mere mortal, like ourselves. I asked 'what help, oh mighty man!'

He told us, 'we must go back, to the *thirteenth century;* must take the whole of the Old Testament, letter for letter, and believe it; must admit that a special Revelation was made to Balaam's ass; and to Jonah's whale. That Joshua really stopped the sun a whole day, and Elisha's bones raised up a dead man; that Samson drank water out of the jaw bone of an ass. That we must never consult Reason, but bow to the letter, and reckon a doubt as the sin not to be pardoned,—instigated by the Devil. Least of all should we make the slightest attempt to reconcile Faith and Reason, Religion and Philosophy, for this would be like marrying Christ and Belial.' 'We will do it all,' said I, 'illustrious sage, or angel if such thou art!'

Thereupon I awoke, and there was nothing before me but the 'pamphlet of 100 pages,' and my pipe, broken at my feet. SENEX.

SCHLEIERMACHER.

In Milman's 'History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism,' which has just been published in London, we find the following Note, which confirms Mr Norton's statement that Schleiermacher did not believe in the personal immortality of the soul.

'The most remarkable evidence of the extent to which German speculation has wandered away from the first principles of Christianity, is this; that one of the most religious writers, the one who has endeavored with the most earnest sincerity to reconnect religious belief with the philosophy of the times, has actually represented Christianity without, or almost without, *the immortality of the soul:* and this the ardent and eloquent translater of Plato! Copious and full on the moral regeneration effected by Christ in *this* world, with the loftiest sentiments of the emancipation of the human soul from the bondage of *sin*, by the Gospel, Schleiermacher is silent, or almost silent, on the redemption from *death*. He beholds Christianity distinctly as bringing *life*, only vaguely and remotely as bringing *immortality*, to light. I acknowledge that I mistrusted the extent of my own acquaintance with the writings of Schleiermacher and the accuracy with which I had read them (chiefly the Glaubenlehre and some of those sermons which were so highly admired at Berlin;) but I found my own conclusions confirmed by an author whom I cannot suspect to be unacquainted with the writings, or unjust to the character, of one for whom he entertains the most profound respect.' He then quotes a passage in German from Weisse, Die Evangelische Geschichte, Band II. p. 451.

A Sermon on the Death of John Lowell, L. L. D., delivered in Kings's Chapel, Boston, March 22d, 1840. By F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D. Boston, Charles C. Little and James Brown, pp. 36.

Dr Greenwood had a noble theme and he has done justice to it. Sometimes on the death of men who have filled a large space in the public eye, and been entrusted with various public offices, the voice of eulogy is expected from the pulpit, when there is really little in their characters for a Christian minister to approve or commend. This was not the case in this instance. There was little danger of exaggerating the virtues or services of John Lowell. He was, as the preacher calls him, '*a true man*,' and when he died, all who knew him or knew of him, felt that it was right, and to his pastor, could only be a grateful duty to pourtray his life and character—a life marked by a long career of private and public usefulness, a character distinguished for the most exalted Christian virtues, an unspotted purity of motive, purpose and conduct, an unimpeachable integrity of principle, a fervent and high-minded patriotism, a noble disinterestedness, a warm, unaffected, unostentatious piety. Dr Greenwood's text is singularly felicitous. 2 *Chronicles*, xxxi. 21. 'And in every work that *he* began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered.' This in itself is a just, brief, and comprehensive delineation of his character. The object of the preacher, is to show the appropriateness of its application, to Mr Lowell, which he has done in a simple and interesting narrative sketch of his life, from which we should be glad to make some extracts, but we have room only for the closing remarks.

From the hasty sketch which has thus far been drawn of Mr. Lowell's life, some idea may be formed of his character. It has been seen particularly that "in every work that he began, he did it with all his heart;" that he was frank and fearless, generous, prompt, and at times even impetuous. This heartiness of disposition was inseparably connected with a keen susceptibility of nature, which was the occasion of a too great quickness and vehemence of language or action, which was the only failing that a friend could ever discover in him, or an opponent charge upon him. But this failing was nobly balanced. His heart abhorred injustice, and harbored no enmity or ill-will If he was easily roused, he was easily conciliated. He would soften or retract what was said hastily, on the production of evidence, and often on the slightest suggestion; and the kindliness and benevolence of his spirit and conduct were so overflowing and unceasing, that it was impossible for blindness itself to mistake them. He was exceedingly tender in his estimate of persons and characters; and would gently but decidedly rebuke any remark in conversation which he thought bore hardly on a private individual. They who knew him at all, soon came to know and to revere his true and large charity, which formed so bright a union with his genius and wisdom. I may be allowed to state a fact in illustration of this remark. In the times of high party excitement, which have been spoken of, a rumor was circulated, that some of those who had been exasperated by Mr. Lowell's political writings, had threatened to burn his house in Roxbury to the ground. This rumor was so far believed, that some of his friends went out, or sent out, from Boston, to offer themselves as the guard of his person and property for the night. Mr Lowell expressed a belief that his fellow townsmen were incapable of such an act, and insisted on declining the friendly offer of defence. His reliance was well grounded, and no outrage was offered to his habitation or to him. Indeed no assistance beyond the limits of the town would in any case have been required; for several of the most respectable inhabitants of Roxbury itself, and of *both political parties*, had called upon him voluntarily, to assure him, that if his house should be attacked by the ignorant and misguided, they stood ready to defend it to the last extremity. It was not long after this, that he had become so widely known, had proved himself so useful in that place, by his services in town affairs, and parish committees, and school committees, and private counsels, that no man enjoyed so much true popularity, that is, love and respect, as he; and there was not an inhabitant of Roxbury, of any sense or heart, who would not have defended that once obnoxious house, at the risk of his own life. He was not forward to call himself a dear friend of the people, or a lover of the people, or a defender of the people, or in any way to distinguish himself *from* the people, but he showed himself to be simply *one of the people*, ever desirous to do good to all his brethren.

It must further be observed, that Mr. Lowell's warmth of character existed in a rare combination with exemplary prudence in the administration of his affairs, in counsel, and in the essentials of deportment. He never through all the fluctuations and excitements and depressions which this country for the last forty years has witnessed, impaired his property, or sought hastily to increase it, by speculation. He never gave important counsel to others, without due deliberation and examination, and his advice was always to be depended upon for its soundness and discretion. His correctness in domestic and social relations never incurred suspicion. This union of zeal and prudence was very remarkable.

I have said enough already of Mr. Lowell's intellect. It was of a very high order. It entered into all subjects of thought. It was distinguished for its celerity of operation, its independence, and its strong grasp of whatever was presented to it. And yet he was as humble as a child. I have been surprised, and sometimes almost oppressed, by the unaffectedly respectful attention with which he has received some of my own imperfect remarks. He seemed grateful for any knowledge from any source.

Shall I speak of his religious character? I should do him no justice if I did not. With his characteristic susceptibility and delicacy, he avoided the obtrusion of his religious doctrines or devotional sentiments. But it was impossible not to perceive, from constant indications, that the sanctions of religion were ever present with him. He believed in God, he believed also in his Son Jesus Christ, with a heartfelt and practical belief. His thoughts of God were of the most reverential and prevailing kind. He referred his life and all things to his holy will. He attended the services of the Sanctuary as frequently as his health would permit. He did not think that because he was able to worship alone in God's beautiful fields, he was absolved from the duty of social worship in God's holy house.

I quote now from one who knew him intimately. "Humility towards God was a striking and abiding trait of his religious character. He would often, in confidential intercourse, speak with transparent sincerity of his own unworthiness, imperfections, and short comings; and never seem for a moment to trust to his virtues and good deeds for acceptance with God, but relied with trembling hope upon the mercy of a Heavenly Father, as it is revealed to us by Jesus Christ. It was not at the times of illness or excitement only, that his mind was occupied with religious thoughts. I doubt whether the idea of God was ever long absent from it. He was always deeply impressed with the uncertainty of life, and of course, as age and infirmity increased, this conviction was strengthened, and he not only never neglected for a moment any necessary preparation of his affairs, but he frequently meditated upon the subject of Judgment and Eternity. He had a most cheerful faith in God's Providence in the government of the world; and no pain or suffering ever made him falter in his trust. He delighted in tracing the beautiful provisions of Divine Wisdom, as exhibited in the outward Creation; and in his taste for flowers and enjoyment of the country, he was one of those who see daily in all the works of God new proofs of his power and goodness, and new incitements to gratitude. His reverence for the Scriptures was invariable, and he always appealed to them as to an undeniable authority in all matters of religious belief. His hopes of immortality were founded on a firm faith in the Resurrection of Jesus, which he often spoke of as established by irresistible evidence."

Within late years Mr. Lowell gradually withdrew from the situations of public trust which he had been filling, situations of trust and honor, though not emolument—and gave himself wholly to his family, his friends, his books, and his garden. In this latter place he might always be found, in Spring, in Summer, in Autumn; and even in Winter his visits to his greenhouse were frequent; nothing but a tempest or a fit of illness could keep him away. Here, at almost any hour, this aged man of long experience and many conflicts might be seen, absolutely absorbed in his flowers and plants, which grew in silence and fragrance around him, and which gratefully rewarded him for his love and culture, by the delightful occupation which they afforded for every leisure moment, and the solace which they brought to pain, age and infirmity to the very last. Blest creatures of God! How I wonder that there are not more who will avail themselves of the pleasure, wisdom and comfort which you can so abundantly impart; that there are so many, who, while they utterly neglect you and other wonderful works of the Creator, yet complain that there is nothing to interest them, nothing to fill up their idle and unprofitable hours!

The winter of 1839 was spent by Mr. Lowell in the West India Islands, several of which he visited; and he was received everywhere with the greatest kindness and respect. His object in going there was to seek relief from an extremely painful disorder, in change of climate. This relief he found partially, and his soul expatiated with all its own ardor in the new and luxuriant productions of a tropical clime. He came home with improved health; but it could not be expected that with his enfeebled constitution, and at his advanced period of life, he was to remain long among us. On the morning of Thursday, the twelfth instant, as he was reading a daily paper, in his house in Boston, the summoner came, the paper dropped from his hands, and he soon expired, without suffering, and by a death, which though sudden, was not unprepared for. On the following Saturday, the funeral service was read over his remains in this Church, and they were then consigned to the tomb in Roxbury.

Shall I say that such a man as this was beloved, truly, warmly, by his family, by every dweller under his roof, by every one who had the privilege of knowing him? It is unnecessary. Shall I say that his death is a great loss to his friends and the community? Irreparable it indeed is to his friends, great to the community; and it is to be deplored. But let us rather be thankful to God, that the labors and counsel and example of so true a man were continued to the full limit, and beyond, of threescore years and ten.

We find great difficulty often, in procuring notices of Ordination and Installation services at a distance. We would respectfnlly suggest to our brethren, who are scribes of the Councils on those occasions, that in each case the scribe should make it a rule, and consider it a part of his duty to transmit to the Register an account of the services, &c.

ORDINATION AT HUBBARDSTON.

Mr Claudius Bradford was ordained over the First Congregational Church in Hubbardston, on Wednesday, the 15th inst. The services were as follows:

Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr Russell, of Chelmsford. Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr Chandler, of Shirley. Sermon, by Rev. Mr Wells, of Groton. Text, Heb. xii 2. 'Looking unto Jesus.' Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr Thomson, of Barre. Charge, by Rev. Dr Noyes, of Petersham. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Lincoln, of Fitchburg. Address to the People, by Rev. Mr White, of Littleton.

The occasion must be remembered with peculiar interest and profit by all who participated in its transactions, its solemn instructions, and its devotional exercises. It will especially be regarded by the members of the Parish as a happy era in their Ecclesiastical History, to be again supplied with a settled ministry, and to enjoy the labors of one who was unanimously chosen, and whose age, experience in life, and zeal admirably qualify him to successfully perform the duties of his responsible station.—*Communicated.*

INSTALLATION AT FALL RIVER.

Rev. Augustus C. L. Arnold, was installed as Pastor of the First Unitarian Church and Society at Fall River, on Wednesday, March 25th.—The services were as follows:—Introductry Prayer, Rev. Mr Stone of West Bridgewater; Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. Mr Brooks of Newport; Sermon, Rev. Mr Bigelow of Taunton; Prayer of Installation, and Address to the Society, Rev. Mr Farley of Providence; Charge, Rev. Mr Hall of Providence; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Mr Briggs of Plymouth, first Pastor of the Church and Society; Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr Peabody of New Bedford.

On the evening of Tuesday, a Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr Briggs of Plymouth; and on Wednesday evening, another by Rev. Mr Peabody of New Bedford.

Mr Bigelow's Sermon was from Mat. x. 7. 'As ye go preach.'

All the exercises were well attended; and we are glad to learn that the Society, relieved of its late embarrassments, is in a progressing condition.

CIRCULAR.

To Pastors and Superintendents of Sunday Schools.

The Directors of the Sunday School Society take this method of requesting answers to the usual form of questions proposed by them, as the basis of their Annual Report.

1. Are you accustomed to have a General Address each Subbath?

2. What is your opinion of the value of this exercise?

3. Does your school hold any Anniversary; and what are the benefits of such celebrations, when held?

4. What is the effect of your Library on the minds and character of the children?

5. Do your Teachers in general, inculcate peculiar doctrinal opinions; or prefer simply to awaken 'the spirit of truth?'

The annual meeting will occur on the 27th of May. In order that your replies may be incorporated in our Report, it is necessary that they be received on or before the 10th of the month.

In behalf of the Directors.

A. B. MUZZEY,
Cor. Sec'ry of S. S. Society.
Cambridgeport, April 16, 1840.

LOWELL AUXILIARY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this association was held on Sabbath evening the 5th instant. After an address by the General Secretary of the Parent Association, a Report was read by Rev. Mr Miles, Agent of the auxiliary, and the officers for the ensuing year were chosen.

This is one of the largest and most efficient of the Auxiliaries.

'We have received regularly (it is stated in the Report) 120 copies of each Tract which the Parent association publishes. We shall accordingly circulate this year 1440 copies. We circulated last year 1800. Total for the two years of the society's organization, 3240 Tracts.'

'The agent cannot close this Report without expressing a sentiment in which he is confident the members of this society will join—that of approbation of the Tracts which have been received. They have been throughout the year of a higher order and of a more interesting character than those received the year before.

It may seem invidious to single out any when all have been good. But he takes the liberty of speaking particularly of the interesting Tract on the life and character of the venerable Dr. Bancroft—of the Tract entitled 'How to spend a day' and of that distributed this evening, the tribute of Dr. Channing to the memory of the lamented Follen. These may be regarded as specimens of the kind of Tracts that are wanted. No one can read them carefully without being made better. The agent is sure that these of themselves have been more than an equivalent for the small sum annually subscribed for them.'

'In conclusion the agent recommends a continued and greater support to this Tract Society. With great regularity and quietness it goes on accomplishing its work. The distribution of so many valuable publications among us cannot but be attended with happy effects. It is sowing good seed, which we doubt not will bring forth good fruit.'

INTELLIGENCE.

☞ Anonymous letters requesting a publication of marriages or deaths will not be attended to, as frequent impositions have been practised in this manner. Nor will any requests of this kind, though not anonymous, be complied with, unless postage is paid. We make this remark in reference to two recent cases of this kind, in which we have been taxed with postage.

The Farm School.—We have frequently called attention to this important institution, and are happy to do so as often as may be deemed advantageous to its interests and prosperity. With this feeling we copy by request the following communication on the subject, from the Mercantile Journal of the 21st inst.

A SABBATH AT THE FARM SCHOOL.

A more useful and interesting Institution than the 'Boy's Asylum and Farm School,' is not to be found. It nips vice in the bud, by taking boys who are morally exposed, or those who have already entered the broad road to ruin, by disobedience to parents, neglect of school, or other city temptation, and places them under wholesome restraint, salutary discipline, and inculcates habits of industry. Above all, they are taught to fear God and keep his commandments. I passed last Sabbath at that Institution. The weather was delightful for the season, and the whole scene was one of deep interest. The Island is now a fine farm, on which the boys labor, and are taught to understand the meaning of St. Paul, when he wrote 'if a man will *not* work neither shall he eat.' Idleness has justly been called the 'Devil's school,' and it is a lamentable fact that he has many scholars in this fair city. The quietness of all about me, the impression made by a view of the clear blue sky, with the rippling of the water, caused by a gentle eastern breeze, with here and there a sail in sight, passing up and down the harbor, led to contemplations not easily described, and which are seldom felt amid the bustle, dust, and brick walls of a city.

I then turned to a still more interesting sight, and passed to the Chapel, where I found seated about 70 boys, and the family connected with the Institution, assembled to worship their Heavenly Father. The Boys sung several appropriate hymns. A discourse suited to the capacity of the hearers, was listened to with much attention. After the exercises, the boys partook of wholesome food, and then assembled in the Sabbath School, and better recitation, and more order, I have seldom witnessed. Similar services were had in the afternoon, and unlike many of our places of worship on *terra firma*, the number present equalled the morning services. I saw there *several boys* whom I have known in the city, exposed to temptation and ruin, now happy and benefited by a correct moral influence. All gave evidence that plain food, pure water, fresh air, tilling the earth, and cultivating the mind and moral feelings, are what will conduce to the enjoyment and prosperity of boys. The only regret I experienced during my visit, was that this institution, capable of accommodating 120 boys, has at the present time less than half that number! And why is it so? when all who visit our wharves, or pass through the streets must witness the great number of idle boys, who ought to be sent to this interesting Institution, if we wish to snatch them from present and future ruin. Money is wanted to extend its usefulness, and in my next I will tell you more about it. A PARENT.

The Jews.—The state of the Ottoman Government, and of Mohammedanism is closely watched by the Jews, and they view late events as highly favorable to their hope of restoration.

A late writer in the London Quarterly Review says, of the Jews generally,—

'They no longer conceal their hope and their belief that the time is not far distant, when 'the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people.'

In Poland, the great focus of the Hebrew people, this feeling is very prevalent. We are told indeed that large emigrations to Palestine have already taken place. A deputation from Scotland who have recently visited Palestine, make the following statement in regard to the present Jewish population of Palestine.

'In all Palestine, there are from 10,000 to 15,000 Jews; they reside chiefly in the four holy cities, and may be estimated at 7,000 in the Jerusalem, where they have six synagogues and 36 reading places; 7,000 or 8,000 in Hebron, where they have two small synagogues; 1,200 in Tiberias, where are five synagogues; 1,900 in Safet, where are four synagogues.'

Africa as a Field for Missions.—The Boston Recorder copies, by permission, extracts from a letter written by Rev. T. Leighton Wilson, from Fair Hope, Cape Palmas, in Africa, to the 'Society of inquiry' at Andover, from which, we give the following passages, as likely to interest our readers.

Africa, in point of missionary labor, *is a neglected field.* I have more special reference to Western and Central Africa. The extreme southern and northern sections, and certain portions of Eastern Africa, are destined, so far as human probabilities indicate, to fall into the hands of the white and Moorish races. All of Northern Africa is already occupied by the Moors. The Arabs have scattered themselves over Egypt—and Europeans are spreading themselves over every habitable portion of South Africa. But Central and Western Africa is the section which providence seems to have reserved for the exclusive occupancy of the negro race; and the inheritance is guaranteed to them too, by barriers, which the migratory propensities of the white race can never overcome. I mean the insalubrious and deleterious influence of the climate upon European constitution. If these barriers did not exist, the country would long since have been overrun, and the negro race would have been trampled almost out of a name. When we contemplate the matter in this point of light, we should rather adore the wisdom of God, which has thus shielded this defenceless race from oppression and injury. But while these barriers are sufficient for the purposes for which they are designed, they are not insurmountable to men who are animated by Christian love.

We are told that the entire missionary phalanx in Western Africa is made up of the Missionaries of Sierra Leone, and Liberia, with the exception of a solitary missionary at one of the British ports on the Gold Coast.

Mr Wilson speaking of the greatness of the field of labor, in Western Africa, says;

From the Senegal to the Congo, a distance of 3,000 miles, the sea coast is almost literally lined with human habitations. I have sailed along more than 1,000 miles of this coast, and on every part of this distance the beach has appeared to be studded with native villages and towns, varying in population from 200 to 13,000. But this frontier population is scarcely a unit in the map of inhabitants, who people the vast and almost boundless regions of the interior. We can form no probable conjecture of the amount of population of Central and Western Africa. It may be 50,000,000, or it may be twice that amount. Those districts which have been partially drained of their population by the slave trade, are very limited in extent; and since the partial suppression of this trade, even these districts have been repeopled. There is no part of the coast where this trade has been carried on so extensively, as along what is known as the Gold Coast; but during the last twenty-five years, very few slaves have been transported from those sections of the country; and a consequence of this is, that the country is nearly as densely populated as it ever was. Whilst those sections which have never been involved in the trade, seem to have about as many inhabitants as the country is well capable of sustaining. Indeed, the whole of the slaves who have been transported from the shores of Africa from time to time, is the smallest fraction, compared with the number who have always remained in possession of the country.

In regard to the circumstances which encourage the hope of success to African missions, Mr W. says,

There is no part of the pagan world where the inhabitants so readily and freely acknowledge the superiority of white men, and where they would probably be more docile than this race. They have no systems of false religion or philosophy to which they are inveterately and violently attached. The African is more the subject of superstitious fear, than the devotee to false religion.

Along the whole of that sea coast to which I have alluded, there is scarcely any one settlement where a missionary would not be cordially welcomed—and where he might not labor, with the reasonable prospect of abundant success.

Spirit and prospects of Mohammedanism.—Striking changes have within a few years past, taken place in the character of Mohammedanism. What it was in 1838 may be learnt by the following passage from an article in the Quarterly Observer of that year. The writer says;

'Mohammedanism has its principal seat in Turkey. Heretofore it has raised there a haughty front against the religion of Jesus. Its laws have ever imposed tribute or the forfeiture of life upon unbelievers, and denounced inevitable death upon apostates.

Its attitude now is far different, as will be seen by the following statement.

On the 31 of Nov. 1839, an assembly was convoked at Constantinople, at which the Grand Seignor, the high officers of state, of the army, and of religion, representatives from the Embassies of foriegn powers, and the patriarchs and heads of the several *Christian* sects, were present. Before them and the people, Halil Pasha the Commander in chief, in the name of the Sultan, read the Hatti Scheriff, which it will be seen, by a reference to it, is a proclamation of religious liberty to all.

Of this interesting event, the editor of the New-York Star, Mordecai Noah, himself a Jew, says;—

'This at once raises to the degree of citizens and freemen four millions of Jews, many of whom inhabit, as captives, the land of their heritage. Dispensing to each, equal liberty and equal law, if honestly carried out, it is the most important step in the restoration of the Jews, which has been taken since their dispersion, and may be deemed a wonderful and significant sign in the East.'

The important bearings of this act of the Ottoman Government is perceived and understood generally. A correspondent of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, at Constantinople, writes thus.

'If these laws are carried into effect, it is my settled conviction that the whole system of Mahomedanism will be torn up by the roots. The doctrine of this document is religious equality. The doctrine of the Koran is death, tribute, or a change of religion to every conquered Christian.

The power and spirit of Mohammedanism seem then to be broken. Its power goes with the power of its chief government. That has departed. It is at least so restrained, that it depends almost for its very existence on the will of European powers.

The object of the terms of peace to be dictated by the five great powers, to the Sultan of Constantinople and the Pacha of Egypt, is to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire. But should these powers assent to the proposed arrangement, it is doubted if it will be of any permanency. Russia, it is believed, enters into it only as a measure of present expediency, and has no other object in so doing, but to gain time and make ready for the final blow, in the great work which she supposes it her destiny to accomplish,—the final overthrow of all Modammedan powers. This we are told by Mr Baird, is the general feeling of the people; and it grows out of their memory of the fact of Tamerlane's having conquered Russia and hoisted over their churches the crescent above the cross, and in various ways having humbled Russia.

Now the Russians have got up, and become a powerful empire—says Mr B. They feel their power; and they conscientiously believe they have been raised up for this purpose; and the first thing they desire is, to destroy every Mohammedan power. And they will do it. First, they will conquer Persia, and then Turkey.'

The Jews.—The foreign correspondent of the N. Y. Star says, that a memorandum has been addressed to the Protestant monarchs in Europe, on the subject of the restoration of the Jewish people to the land of Palestine. The document in question, dictated by the peculiar conjunction of affairs in the East, and the other striking 'signs of the times,' reverts to the original covenant, which secures that land to the descendants of Abraham, and urges upon the consideration of the powers addressed, what may be the probable line of duty, on the part of Protestant Christendom, to the Jewish people in the present controversy in the East. The memorandum and correspondence which have passed upon this subject have been published. The subject is one of deep interest.—*Boston Journal.*

NOTICE.

The following notice was published in the last number of the Independent Messenger.

'☞ The publisher and proprietor of the INDEPENDENT MESSENGER would respectfully inform its patrons that he has disposed of his interest in the publication, to the publisher of the CHRISTIAN REGISTER,—consequently, subscribers who have paid in advance will receive the Register till the expiration of the time for which they paid. The Christian Register is a well established publication, already well and favorably known, probably, to a large portion of the readers of the Messenger, many if not most of whom, it is hoped and believed will find it a desirable substitute. Those who are indebted to the Messenger are requested to make payment without delay, to the late publisher, at No. 6 State st. for the papers which have been sent to their names, up to the present date.'

The publisher of the Christian Register, whilst he is far from wishing to press his paper on the late patrons of the Messenger against their wishes, would respectfully express the hope that it may prove acceptable to them, and that they may be willing to receive it as subscribers.

Those to whom it is not acceptable, are particularly requested, as a favor, at once to return a copy to this office.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All sums due from subscribers to the Independent Messenger, for the year 1839, must be paid to John Thornton or David Reed.

Boston, April 25th, 1840. tf

To the members of the Convention of Congregational Ministers.

The Committee of the Congregational Charitable Society to relieve the families of deceased clergymen, appointed to nominate its beneficiaries, request information from ministers and others on this subject. The age, the amount of property and of income, the number of children dependent on their mother, the sex and age, the ability of the widow to help herself, and the help she receives from others, are subjects on which the Committee require precise information. This information must be communicated to Professor Palfrey of Boston, on, or before Saturday, 16th May next, or to

JOHN PIERCE of Brookline,
Chairman of the Committee.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

All persons disposed to aid in the establishment of religious institutions in the West, and particularly in the erection of churches at Chicago, Quincy, and Hillsboro', Ill., are requested to leave funds with the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street; who is in correspondence with the societies in those places, and will forward to them whatever may be contributed.

As 500 dollars to each of those societies would enable them to build suitable houses of worship, and make them permanent societies, it is earnestly desired that individuals in Boston, and other parts of New England, will feel a deep sympathy for their less favored brethren of the West, (who are struggling hard to provide for themselves and their children the blessings of religion which are enjoyed here) and be ready to help them in this their time of need.

BOOKS FOR THE WEST.

Books for Parish and Sunday School Libraries at Hillsboro', Quincy, Chicago, Ill., Burlington, Iowa Territory, and other places in the West, may be left at the Office of the Gen. Secr'y of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street, and they will be immediately forwarded.

NOTICE.—The Annual meeting of the Sunday School Society for the choice of Officers, and the transaction of other important business will be held on Wednesday Evening, April 29th, at 8 o'clock P. M. at the office of the Visitors of the Poor.

apr 25 JAMES H. WEEKS, Rec. Sec.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr Young, Mr James R. Walker, to Miss Ellinor D. Hayward, daughter of Charles Hayward, Esq.

In this city, Mr Charles P. Huggins to Miss Louisa Palmer.

In Cambridge, Rev. Robert C. Waterston, of this city, to Miss Anna Cabot Lowell, daughter of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

In Middleton, Elder P. R. Russell, of Lynn, to Miss Harriet Wilkins.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Monday, Albert, youngest child of Mr Cyrus Bruce, Jr. 8 months.

16th inst. Miss Harriet Hersey, 25.

In New-York City, 16th inst. after a short illness, Mr Monson Force, a soldier of the revolution, 79.

In Peoria, Illinois, 39th ult. Col. Julius D. Clark, formerly of Vermont, about 50.

In Warren, Maine, 10th inst. Mr Elijah Vose, 70.

In Putnam, Muskingum county, Ohio, Rev. Josiah W. Powers of Kingston, Mass. 41. Mr Powers was in the employ of the American Bible Society.

GERMAN DICTIONARY.—A new English-German and German-English Dictionary, containing all the words in general use, designating the various parts of speech in both languages, &c.—compiled from the Dictionaries of Lolyd, Nohden, Flugel and Sporchil. For sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112, Washington street.

MILMAN'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.—The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire by the Rev H. H. Milman—3vols 8vo. Just received and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street.

ORIGINE de tous les Cultes ou Religion Universelle par Dupuis. Edition nouvelle revue sur les manuscrits de l'autur: par M.P.R.Auguis: 10 vols et Atlas. One copy for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street.

ENGLISH BOOKS recently imported by the Union and Ontario from London.
Coleridge's Poetical Works 3 vols.
" Aids to Reflection
" Friend 3 vols
Shelley's Poetical Works, 4 vols
Sydney Smith's Works, 4 vols
Ritter's Philosophy, 3 vols
Beaumont and Fletcher, pt 1
Herbert's Poems and Remains
Milner's Poems, 2 vols
Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, 3 vols
Montague's Selections from Taylor &c.
Sir Thomas Browne's Works 4 vols
Bacon's Advancement of Learning
Goethe's Correspondence with a child, 3 vols
Aldine's editions of Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, Kirk White, Cowper, Milton, Burns, Shakspeare &c.
Gibbon's Rome, 12 vols
English School of Painting and Sculpture, 4 vols
Belsham on the Epistles, 4 vols
Bishop Marsh's Lectures on the Bible, 8 vo
Taylor's Survey of German Poetry, 3 vols
Guizot's English Rome and vicinity, 2 vols
Gell's Rome and vicinity, 3 vols
Grant's Sketches of London, plates
Hobbe's English Works
Gardiner's Music of Nature
Kant's Critic of Pure Reason, 8 vo.
Spenser's Faerie Queene, 8 vo.
Ruins of Ancient Cities, 2 vols
Oxford Prize Essays, 4 vols.
Romance of Biography, 2 vols., by Mrs Jameson.
For sale by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. apr 25.

A NEW SERIES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—The Subscriber is preparing for publication a new series of Books for Sunday School Libraries. The volumes will contain about two hundred pages each, illustrated with plates. The subjects will be such as to render the Books useful in the school room and at the domestic fireside. They will be of a truly religious character, and being so, will doubtless be very acceptable to those who know the wants of Sunday Schools, and the great deficiency of this class of books.
The first volume will be put to press immediately, and will contain contributions from the pens of Superintendants of Sunday Schools and others, in the city and vicinity.
In press.
A new manual for Sunday Schools.
BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington st.
apr. 25

WANTED.—A man well acquainted with the Confectionary business to take an establishment in the country, principally for making candies. Good testimonials will be required. Inquire at 135 Washington street.
apr 25

MR LUNT'S DISCOURSES AT QUINCY.—Two Discourses delivered Sept. 29th 1839 on occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the gathering of the First Congregational Church, Quincy, with an appendix by Wm. P. Lunt, 8 vo. pp 147. This day published by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st.

LETTER ON MIRACLES.—A Letter to Mr Andrews Norton on Miracles as the foundation of Religious Faith. pp 52. Just received by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. apr 25

PRIZE ESSAY.—The Committee of 'The Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace,' offer a Prize of *One Hundred Guineas* for the best Essay; and another of twenty guineas for the second best Essay on the following subjects:—
1st—To show that War under all circumstances, is inconsistent with the precepts of the Gospel, and the spirit of the Christian dispensation.
2d—To point out the Duties of Magistrates and Peace Officers in cases of Tumults, Insurrections, and Invasions, with the most effectual method of preventing such calamities.
3d—To show the best means of settling all Disputes between Nations without recourse to arms.
The Essays to be sent to the care of MR ALEXANDER BROCKWAY, Office of the Peace Society, No. 91 Bishopsgate Within, London, on or before the 1st September, 1840, with a sealed letter accompanying each, which will not be opened until the decision of Adjudicators be made known. Their award will be given on the 1st January, 1841.
The Committee are happy to announce that the following gentlemen have kindly consented to become Adjudicators:—
Rev. J. Pye Smith, D. D. LL. D., F. G. S., Homerton College.
Rev. Thomas Pyne M. A. St. John's College, Cambridge.
Rev. John Harris, D. D., President of Cheshunt College.
The Committee wish the Essay to be as concise as may be, consistent with justice to the subject; and to be written in a clear and legible hand. The copyright of the Essays to be the property of the authors.
On behalf of the Committee
JAMES HARGREAVES,
NUN MORGAN HARRY
London, Dec. 30th, 1839.

By letters recently received from London, the subscriber is empowered to offer the above mentioned Prize to American writers. The time of receiving the Essay competing for the prize, will probably be extended six months longer. They may be sent, free of expense, to the care of WHIPPLE & DAMRELL, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, or directed to Alexander Brockway, as above.
Editors friendly to the cause of Peace are requested to publish the above.
Boston, April 9, 1840.

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public that he has commenced the spring quarter of his private school for boarding and day scholars, in which instruction is given to youth of both sexes in the ancient and modern languages and in the various branches of an English education. His house and schoolroom are pleasantly situated in the centre village in Chelsea about two miles from Winnisimmet ferry. This place is believed to unite, in a greater degree than almost any other, the advantages of a rural situation and of near proximity to the city.
A few lads can be accommodated with board in the subscribers family. He pledges himself to give strict attention to the moral as well as intellectual improvement of those who may be comitted to his care.
apr 25 HORATIO ALGER.

NORMAL SCHOOL AT LEXINGTON.

THIS Institution is designed to prepare Female Teacher. Connected with it, is a model school for practice. The academic year is divided into 3 terms of 15 weeks each. There will be a vacation in April, August and January. The first term of the second year will commence on the *first* of May next. Candidates for admission must present themselves at the school at the commencement of the Term. They must bring a certificate of good moral and intellectual character, must be at least 16 years of age,—pass a satisfactory examination in the Common Branches, and declare it to be their *intention* to teach. The shortest time for which pupils are admitted is one year. Qualified pupils may have leave of absence to teach in the summer term, if it is desired. A full course is 3 years.
Board $2 per week. Tuition gratis.
apr 25 C. PIERCE, *Principal*

PROF. BECKWITH'S FAMILY SCHOOL, WEST NEWTON, MASS.

THE Rev. G. C. BECKWITH will open, on the 2nd Wednesday in May, his FAMILY SCHOOL, designed to receive boys over six years of age, and not merely instruct them in all the branches preparatory to business or college, but superintend with parental care the formation of their entire character, intellectual, moral and social. The number is not to exceed twenty; and to them all he will, as far as possible, act the part of a parent. The location, eight miles from Boston on the Worcester Railroad, and accessible almost every hour of the day during the warm season, is in point of health, pleasantness, and freedom from bad influences, one of the most eligible in New England.
TERMS.—For tuition, board, washing, fuel and lights, $160 a year, in quarterly payments. Only two terms, commencing permanently on the first Monday in May and November.
☞ Further particulars, together with very ample testimonials from the best sources, may be had on application to the Principal, and Circulars at No. 9 Cornhill.
REFERENCES.—Hon. William Jackson, Seth Davis, Esq., Profs. Ripley and Hackett, Newton; Hon. J. Greenleaf, and H. Ware, Jr., D. D., Cambridge; William Jenks, D. D., Rev. H. Winslow, D. B. Tower, Principal Elliot School, S. Barrett, Principal Adams School, and George W. Bond, Boston. m 4

FAMILY SCHOOL.—The Rev. D. Hopkins Emerson, Northborough, Mass, being compelled by impaired health to suspend his ministerial labor, proposes to open a select Family School for Misses, to commence on the 1st of May next. Those who may be entrusted to his care, will be received into his own family, where no effort will be spared to render it a pleasant home, and a place of social, intellectual, and moral improvement. Any or all of the English Branches of Education will be taught, together with the Greek, Latin, or French languages, if desired, and lessons may be given in Music and Drawing on very moderate terms.
Northboro' is a pleasant village on the Old Road from Boston to Worcester, 30 miles from Boston, and 4 1-2 from the Boston and Worcester Rail Road at Westborough. On account of its healthfulness and quiet, it has long been a favorite resort for Boarders from the city during the summer months. The House in which the School will be held, is commodious and retired, very pleasantly located, and surrounded by extensive playgrounds. Particular attention will be paid to *Exercise*, as well as to the cultivation of the mind and manners. The terms will be as follows: Board and Washing $2,50 per week: Tuition, in English Branches, Greek, and Latin, $8. per quarter of 12 weeks: French, Music, and Drawing, extra charge. Reference may be made to Messrs Benj. Howard and George J. Homer, and Rev. Thos. M. Clark, Boston; Rev. Dr. Emerson and Dr. A. L. Pierson of Salem; and Rev. Joseph Allen, Northboro.'

FASHIONABLE SHAWLS, RICH SILKS, &c. AT RETAIL.

E. F. NEWHALL, 141 Washington Street, has just returned from New York, with an elegant assortment of SPRING GOODS, consisting of French Cassimeres, Edinboro', Silk Plush, Fringed Damask and Velvet SHAWLS.
Rich Figured, Corded Reps, Double Chain and Heavy PLAIN SILKS, of the best styles, changeable and single, colors, blue blacks, and beautiful light shades.
PLAIN DRESS SATINS, blue blacks, jet, browns, ash, stone, drab, blue, pink, pearl and white.
MOUSSELLINE DE LAINES and CHALIES, new styles. Lace Veils. Black and colored Alepines and Bombazines

POETRY.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

UNRECORDED GRAVES.

The tombs of princes, they are found
Amidst cathedral halls,
With gold and marble glittering round
The high and trophied walls;
And crown and sceptre, imaged fair,
Proclaiming proudly who lies there.

They of the red right-hand, whose fame
Hath filled the wondering world,
They too, sepulchral honors claim,
And sleep with banners furled—
A glorious and triumphant band—
Among the great ones of the land.

But where are they, the nameless dead,
Who since the birth of time,
Their life-blood generously have shed
In Freedom's cause sublime?
Ay! where are they?—no trophy waves
Above their unrecorded graves.

And where your martyrs, radiant Truth!
Who on the flaming pyre,
In hoary age, and blooming youth,
Have stood baptized with fire?
Their death-songs have gone up to heaven—
Where are their sacred ashes driven?

Ask we the winds?—the rushing blast
Hath borne them far and wide:
Some in the forest's depths are cast,
Some on the green hill-side.
Oh! if meet fruits might crown such seed,
They were a harvest rich indeed!

Your tombs, ye wanderers, who repose
'Neath Afric's burning sky,
Rejoicing e'en in life's dear close
For Science' sake to die;
Say—who, to grace your exiled dust,
Hath reared funereal urn or bust?

Ye sleep amid the deserts, calm—
E'en where you gasping fell,
Beneath the obeliskal palm,
Or nigh the brackish well;
And but the camel's echoing tread
Furrows the light sand o'er your bed.

I gazed upon a field of death
Where kingdoms had been won;
What saw I? The green sod beneath—
Above, the golden sun;
Whilst one proud chieftain bore away
The laurels of that blood-red day.

Rear, rear the cenotaph;—but no—
'Twere better thus to rest,
Like gems whose hidden glories glow,
Deep, deep in Nature's breast,
Than meet the cold and withering sneer
Of Envy asking—'Who lies here?'

EARLY RISING.

And can there be of all mankind one man
Would doze the prime of his young life away—
Never to be a youth? * * *
None would do this—
But whoso flings away his morning pearl
Does all as strange a thing, * * *
—lagging out
The silvery light and glistening dewiness,
The contemplative calm of the young dawn
Till * * * * Nature all foredone
Blent with man's troublous being, seems almost
To lose her own. But thou, be not so foul,
But spring up gladly, and look forth and breathe,
And walk abroad in peaceful blessedness—
Oh, 'tis most sad such bliss as all might have
The many know not. What? think ye to see
Visions of green fields, waters and deep woods
In the charnel house?
—No: but your time is short,
And only provident use can lengthen it.
Oh then fling wide the portals of your light;
But first open your souls and learn to love.
'Tis the best learning; for the love you pay
To nature she requites a thousand fold
With joy and blessedness.
* * * Awake, arise: nor sell
The privilege and first born hope of the day,
For a foul mess of dreams.—*Ernest.*

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Bryant.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAMUEL ADAMS AND JOHN HANCOCK.
BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Do you ask why we should pause at their names? Let the proclamation of General Gage furnish the answer. 'I do hereby, in his majecty's name, promise his most gracious pardon to all persons who shall forthwith lay down their arms and return to the duties of peaceable subjects, excepting only from the benefit of such pardon, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offences are of too flagitious a nature, to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment.'

The flagitious offences of Hancock and Adams, were their early, unrelaxing and fearless efforts in defence of the rights of American freemen; and the cordial co-operation of these, in that great cause, unlike as they were in every thing else, is one of the most pleasing incidents in the history of the revolution. John Hancock would have been the spoiled child of fortune; if he had not been the chosen instrument of Providence. His grandfather, for fifty-four years the pastor, with great authority, of his church, and his father, afterwards minister of Braintree, was born in Lexington.—John Hancock was left an orphan at the age of seven years, and from that period passed much of his time in this village, and received a part of his education at the town school. After leaving college, he entered the family, become associated in the business of his uncle, a distinguished citizen and a wealthy merchant of Boston, who shortly afterwards died, bequeathing to John Hancock a fortune of seveuty thousand pounds sterling:—the largest estate probably, which had ever been amassed in the colonies. He was thus left at twenty-seven years of age, without parents, brought up to luxury, distinguished for personal appearance, voice, manners, and address, the master of a princely estate. He seemed, as it were, marked out by destiny, to pursue the tempting path of royal favor. He was accused of ambition. But what had he to gain by joining the austere ranks of those who were just commencing the great battle of liberty? He was charged with love of display. But no change of public affairs could improve his private fortunes; and he had but to seek them through the path of loyalty, and all the honors of the empire, pertaining in a measure to his position, are at his command, on either side of the Atlantic. The tempter did whisper to him, that he might lead a gay and luxurious existence, within the precincts of the court. But his heart was beneath yonder roof, where his father was born. In the midst of all the enjoyments and temptations of London, he remembered the school where he had first learned to read his Bible; and exclaimed, amidst the seductions of the British metropolis, 'If I forget thee, oh! New England, may my right hand forget her cunning.'

He witnessed the coronation of George III, and it was the immediate spectacle of a life of court attendance, that taught John Hancock to prize the independence of a Boston merchant; of an American citizen. He returned from England, to plunge, heart and soul, into the contest for principle and for liberty. He scattered his princely wealth like ashes. He threw his property into the form in which it would be least productive to himself, and most beneficial to the industrious and suffering portion of the community. He built ships at a time, not when foreign trade was extending itself, but when new restrictions were daily laid upon the commerce of America, and the shipwrights were starving, and he build houses when real estate was fast sinking in value. He shunned personal danger as little as he spared his purse. On the retirement of Peyton Randolph from the chair of Congress, in May 1775, he was called by the members of that venerable body to preside in their councils, and in that capacity, he had the singular good fortune to sign the commission of George Washington, and the immortal honor to affix his name first to the Declaration of Independence. To the solid qualities of character, he added all the graces of the old school; and, as if to meet the taunts which were daily pointed at the rustic simplicity of the American cause, the enemies of the country beheld in its patriotic President, an elegance of appearance and manners unsurpassed at their own court. When the rapid depreciation of continental paper had greatly increased the distresses of the people, Hancock instructed his agents at home, to receive that poor discredited currency, with which his country was laboring to carry on the war, in payment of every thing due to him; and when asked his opinion in Congress of the policy of an assault upon Boston, he recommended the measure, although it would lay half his property in ashes. During all the distresses which preceded the commencement of hostilities, while Boston was sinking under the privations of the Port Bill, Hancock not only forbore the enforcement of his debts, but literally shared his diminished income with his suffering townsmen. Providence rewarded his warm-hearted and uncalculating patriotism, with the highest honors of the country; enabled him to build up his impaired estate out of the ashes of the revolution; and gave him a place as bright and glorious, in the admiration of mankind, 'as if his name had been written in letters of light, on the blue arch of heaven, between Orion and the Pleiades.'

Samuel Adams was the counterpart of his distinguished associate in proscription. Hancock served the cause with his liberal opulence—Adams with his incorruptible poverty. His family at times suffered almost for the necessaries of life, when he might have sold his influence over the councils of America for uncounted gold—when he might have emptied the British treasury, if he would have betrayed his country. Samuel Adams was the last of the Puritans—a class of men to whom the cause of civil and religious liberty, on both sides of the Atlantic, is mainly indebted for the great progress which it has made for the last two hundred years; and when the Declaration of Independence was signed, that dispensation might be considered as brought to a close. At a time when the new order of things was inducing laxity of manners and a departure from the ancient strictness, Samuel Adams clung with greater tenacity to the wholesome discipline of the fathers. His only relaxation from the business and cares of life was in the indulgence of a taste for sacred music, for which he was qualified by the possession of a most angelic voice, and of a soul solemnly impressed, with religious sentiment. Resistance of oppression was his vocation. On taking his second degree, he maintained the noble thesis, that it is 'lawful, to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved.' Thus at the age of twenty-one, twenty years before the stamp act was thought of, Samuel Adams, from the cloisters of Harvard College, announced in two lines, the philosophy of the American Revolution. His after-life showed that his practice was not below his theory. On leaving college, he devoted himself for some years to the profession of divinity; but he gave himself afterwards wholly to the political service of the country. He was among the earliest and ablest writers on the patriotic side. He caught the plain, downright style of the Commonwealth, in Great Britain. More than most of his associates, he understood the efficacy of personal intercourse with the people.—Samuel Adams, more than any other individual, brought the question home to their bosoms and firesides,—not by profound disquisitions and elaborate reports,—though these in their place were not spared—but in the caucus, the club-room, at the Green Dragon, in the ship-yards, in actual conference, man to man and heart to heart. He was forty-six years of age, when he first came to the House of Representatives. There he was, of course, a leader; a member of every important committee;—the author of many of the ablest and boldest state papers of the time. But the throne of his ascendence was in Faneuil Hall. As each new measure of arbitrary power was announced, across the Atlantic, or as each new act of menace and violence, on the part of the officers of the Government or of the army, occurred in Boston,—its citizens often in astonishment and perplexity, rallied to the sound of his voice in Faneuil Hall; and there, as from the crowded gallery or moderator's chair, he animated, enlightened, fortified, and roused the admiring throng, he seemed to gather them together beneath the ægis of his indomitable spirit, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. With his namesake, John Adams, Warren and Hancock, he perceived the inevitable necessity of striking for Independence, a considerable time, before it was generally admitted. In some branches of knowledge he was excelled by other men; but one thing he knew thoroughly, and that was liberty. He knew it, class and order,—genus and species,—root and branch. With him it was no matter of frothy sentiment. He knew it was no gaudy May-day flower, peeping through the soft verdant sods of Spring, and opening its painted petals as a dew-cup for midnight fairies to sip at.

He knew it was of an austere and tardy growth;—the food of men, long hungering for their inalienable rights,—a seed scattered broad cast on a rough though genial soil,—ripening beneath lowering skies and autumnal frosts, to be reaped with a bloody sickle. Instead of quailing, his spirit mounted and mantled with the approach of the crisis. Chafed and fretted with the minor irritations of the early stages of the contest, he rose to a religious tranquillity, as the decisive hour drew nigh. In all the excitement and turmoil of the anxious days that preceded the explosion, he was of the few, who never lost their balance. He was thoughtful,—serious almost to the point of sternness; resolute as fate; but cheerful himself, and a living spring of animation to others. He stood among the people a pillar of safety and of strength:

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

And so he looked forward to the impending struggle, as the consummation of a great design, of which not man but God, had laid the foundation stone, on the rock of Plymouth; and when on the morning of the day you now commemorate, the valleys of the fire arms from this spot announced to him and his companion, in the neighboring field, that the great battle of liberty had begun, he threw up his arms and exclaimed, in a burst of patriotic rapture, 'Oh, what a glorious morning is this!'

Yes! fellow citizens, such was the exclamation of Samuel Adams, when a thousand British troops were in possession of your village, and seven of your citizens struggling in the agonies of death. His prophetic soul told him that the divine form of his country's liberty would follow on, the next person in that fearful but all glorious pageant. He saw that the morning sun, whose first slanting beams were dancing on the tops of the hostile bayonets, would not more surely ascend the heavens, than the sun of independence would arise on the clouded fortunes of his country. The glory he foresaw has come to pass. Two generations attest the truth of his high-souled prophesy. And you, 'village Hampdens who, with dauntless breast' withstood, not 'the petty tyrant of your fields,' but the dread and incensed sovereign of a mighty empire, when he came in his embattled hosts to subdue you; you who sealed your devotion to the cause by the last great attestation of sincerity, your blood has not sunk unprofitable into the ground. If your spirits are conscious of the honors we now pay your relics, you behold in the wide spread prosperity of the growing millions of America, the high justification of that generous impulse, which led you on that glorious morning, to the field of death!

MY SISTER.

Our young readers may learn from the following affecting story the importance of being kind at all times to their brothers and sisters, and indeed to all around them. Let them remember too that their own lives are uncertain, and that they ought to live every day as though it should be their last. We know not 'what a day may bring forth.'

One morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with a younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind.

She was an only sister, the sole companion of all my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers, with all the affection, all the fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment, in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought, which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak and shamed me to silence. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house, without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional stolen glances at her that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee, and endeavored to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms round her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was ended, my mother retired with her into her own room, directing me in the meantime to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window, and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden, and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with an agitated look and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night, and the day following, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was insensible of my presence. Once indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day, I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face.—I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave, I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might once more see her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away, and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse. And never do I see my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger, without thinking of my last pastime with my own loved Ellen. H.

THE VISIT.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

'You are romancing, James; what! visit a family without an introduction or an invitation; or exchange of cards?'

'In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards,' said James, 'but they will not be less pleased to see you.'

'I never used to go to see poor people,' said Amanda thoughtfully; 'but,' continued she after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you any where.'

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses built in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle rap. A plain woman opened it, and welcomed them.

Two chairs were immediately set out, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise, which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bed-room, and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close her mouth.

At receiving some nourishment at the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

'I am glad to see you, doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer,'—she shivered and stopped an instant.—'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; I see it was kind; what would have become of it now? I must leave these, young as they are, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the steadiest.'

She did not weep; she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene than she could have acquired from volumes.—She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at thirty-five.

It brings down all our vanities and little repinings—a spectacle of such wo. Even the almost insensibility of the sick, was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

'Is this your sister?' said the woman.

'No,' said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, 'It is my wife.'

'Is it your wife!' said she, showing some vivacity. 'How sweet she looks. Can she sing, O, can she sing, 'I would not live always?'

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully, that she even looked pretty. A light hectic relieved her vivid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'we will take care of you.'

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is calted upon to see human nature in every shadow of a tint? The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before, that she loved her husband; but luxury is a dead sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as he returned home with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one who, if he brought her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight.—*Passion Flower.*

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL REGISTER.—Register of all Officers and Agents, Civil, Military and Naval in the service of the United States, on 30th Sept. 1839, with the names, force and condition of all ships and vessels belonging to the United States and when and where built, together with the names and compensation of all printers employed by Congress, prepared at the department of state in pursuance of resolutions of Congress 8vo, just received by J. MUNROE & CO 134 Washington street. ap 18

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D. MACK, *Principal.*
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